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WITHDRAWN

EDITORIAL

A 3 PERCENT ESCALATOR

On December 22, the Carter Administration announced its "Christmas present"—the restoration of $2 billion for social welfare programs to the President's proposed budget. This fiscal stocking-stuffer was intended to placate the groups in the Democratic Party who have protested Carter's earlier Scrooge-like slashes of C.E.T.A. and other programs.

After the President had emulated the born-again Ebenezer in the last-minute timing of the $2 billion restoration (and the old Ebenezer in its size), he was then able to play Santa Claus to the Defense Department. On December 27, it was reported that the President would increase the defense budget by over $10 billion for fiscal 1980. This was supposed to represent the fulfillment of the promise Carter made last May to the NATO allies that the United States would bump up defense spending by 3 percent over the inflation rate.

But wait a minute. As Alan Wolfe noted in these pages last February, the President pushed for the inflation-plus 3 percent increase in last year's budget. Wolfe pointed out that this 3 percent escalator clause was not merely a violation of candidate Carter's pledge to cut defense spending, it also reflected a policy of spending more on conventional weapons for American forces in Europe. That was the real NATO connection; the buildup of conventional forces, to which the 3 percent budget increase would go, was part of a "new" strategy of "flexibility"—the same conventional-forces doctrine that flowered in the 1960s and led us into Vietnam.

At any rate, whatever policy motivated the President's $10 billion raise, it is an apparent promulgation of an Iron Law of ever-increasing defense spending.

HEATING OIL PRICE MYSTERY
Fred J. Cook

SOUTHERN BLACKS WHISTLE DIXIE
Adam Abram

NUCLEAR ILLUSIONS
Sen. John Culver

SAM RUBIN
Carey McWilliams

FINDING CHINA
Calvin Trillin

ANTI-UNION ALLIANCE

LABOR LAW REFORM AND ITS ENEMIES

THOMAS FERGUSON and JOEL ROGERS

The defeat last June of the proposed Labor Law Reform Bill (L.L.R.B.) at the hands of an unprecedentedly broad coalition of business groups was a catastrophe for American labor.

By shattering the consensus on goals that has long guided much of industry and most of labor, the bill's demise heralds an end to the epoch of industrial relations that began in the later stages of the New Deal. By setting in motion powerful tides of interest and sentiment, it virtually insures a long period of turmoil in American society and politics. And by highlighting the inability of trade union leaders either to bargain successfully with a presumptively friendly Democratic Congress, or to exact major support from an Administration they helped place in power, the wreck of labor law reform forces the United States labor movement to face the fact of its own decline, and compels it, however unwillingly, to begin the protracted and painful process of measuring its aspirations against its capabilities.

Any number of statistics testify to the gravity of the situation. The percentage of the work force organized into trade unions has dropped steadily since the mid-1950s standing now at a postwar low of 20.1 per cent. Organizing drives mounted by unions are increasingly ineffective. While as late as the mid-1960s unions won 60 percent of representation elections, by last year their

(Continued on Page 17

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LETTERS.

OMISSION

The Nation regrets that it omitted the first name of one member of the Judicial Selection Panel in the Dec. 23 issue ["Rush to Judgeships," by Dorothy Samuels and James Goodman]. Attorney Eleanor Jackson Piel will help evaluate the qualifications of prospective judges. —*The Editors*

WINNING VALUE?

Westwood, N.J.

In his "Second Thoughts" of Dec. 23, Carey McWilliams is mistaken in asserting that Nixon has "no political values, none." Nixon's *central* value, acknowledged in the piece, is, indeed, winning at all costs. But this is merely the ridgepole supporting a set of ideological notions/assumptions which, however clumsily and obtusely, do make up a body of *political* valuation. That is why he was able to try, if indirectly, an American putsch—a clear attempt to serve the desperate interests of monopoly capital against those (ultimately) of about 90 percent of our people.

Alan Bahr

POETIC EXCLUSIVITY

Yerington, Nev.

I must take this moment to echo the feelings of Eliot Weinberger in your letters column [Dec. 9]. Evidently poetry in this country is run by a select few. I choose not to take sides, only to say that without any backbone in the art form, I think poetry will surely reflect it. Weinberger is not alone in his feeling that there are a select few who, for whatever reasons, choose to ignore the many poets, presses and small magazines that continue on in spite of whatever challenges there are. . . .I should like to. . .lift those people up, and say once again, that without them, we are nowhere. *Shaun Griffin*

PARALLEL STANDARDS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Richard Dudman's article ["The 'Eyes Only' Committee for Lyndon's War," *The Nation*, Dec. 23] and John Roche's reply show the perfect continuity in moral scruple and respect for law between Johnson-Roche and Nixon-Buchanan-Colson-Huston, et al. But Roche's reply also shows once again his quite parallel standards of intellectual scruple. The "good cause" he speaks of was pursuit of a war against Vietnam, a cause he claims now to be vindicated by an "Asian Auschwitz." But in the relevant area, Vietnam, there have been no reported retribution killings despite the huge provocations of a fearful conflict (and in contradiction of the false predictions of a blood bath by ideologues like Roche), in a kind of miracle unduplicable in modern Western history. But the acting dean of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy slithers over to Cambodia, pretending that this has some bearing on the "good cause" of 1967. His treatment of Cambodia (here and elsewhere) is on the same lofty plane, but the subject is too large to take up here. All in all, vintage Roche.

Edward S. Herman
University of Pennsylvania

NOT FOR C.P.A.s

Cambridge, Mass.

In his review of *View of Dawn in the Tropics* [*The Nation*, Nov. 4], Mateo Pardo objects to some points in my translation of this book. Probably your reviewer is not aware that the translation had been revised by the author. "Taller," which is used as a generic word in Spanish and could denote many types of shops according to the context, in this case happens to be a theater workshop. "Persequidoras" is the word used in Cuba for patrol cars. "Turba" was changed from mob to thugs with the author's approval; when translating highly emotional language, as in this case, one often has to make adjustments. Literary translation is not an accountant's task.

Suzanne Jill Levine

DUE CREDIT

Chicago, Ill.

I thank Lawrence Alloway for mentioning the Downtown Whitney exhibition, "Subjects of the Artist," in his review of "Abstract Expressionism: the Formative Years" [*The Nation*, Oct. 28]. . . .

He is quite wrong, though, to suggest (for the second time) that Robert Hobbs and Barbara Cavaliere were the "main organizers" of the Downtown Branch exhibition. The exhibition was arranged by a committee which also included Shoshana Ehrenfeld and Marina Urbach. All shared equally in the development of the exhibition's concept, the selection of works, and the final installation. . . . *Len Klekner Jr.*

The Nation welcomes letters from readers. Please furnish name, address and zip code. Name will be withheld upon request.

HEARST CASE IS DIFFERENT

New York City

Prof. Aryeh Neier writes ["Hearst Case Is Not So Different," *The Nation*, Oct 28] that Patty Hearst's suffering, at the hands of her Symbionese Liberation Army kidnappers, does not mitigate her responsibility for her actions—at least no more so than the suffering of other bank robbers makes them less culpable. It seems a shame to blur the distinctiveness of the Hearst case; it could otherwise become a useful example for illustrating and refining our moral beliefs.

The central question is not whether suffering tends to absolve people for actions they may later take. That is a straw man which Professor Neier sets up, perhaps with help from the admittedly less-than-incisive editorial in William Randolph Hearst's paper. At issue is the role of coercion.

To believe that people are sometimes coerced, or partly coerced, rather than always acting on their own free will, does not entail forsaking our notion of moral responsibility. People who do things with a gun to their head are generally held less morally accountable for that action than they would be if they had so acted with no menacing prompting.

Patty Hearst's bank robbery was partly the result of physical and psychological coercion. When Professor Neier considers only the issue of suffering, he makes it seem as if Miss Hearst suffered at the hands of the S.L.A. and then robbed a bank after she had been released from its clutches. To what extent she was indeed acting on her own free will is a finding of fact up to the courts. To what extent coercion should mitigate moral responsibility is a good question for moral philosophers. For this second question, the Hearst case serves as an illustrative example—if its distinctiveness is not dulled.

The Hearst case also calls into question our beliefs about the goals of punishment. Her continued imprisonment is certainly not to rehabilitate her: she seems unlikely, if set free, to go out and rob another bank. Nor is it for deterrence: it is unlikely that shortening her sentence will prompt other kidnap victims to knock off banks while being held captive. Nor is it out of a sense of fairness that all bank robbers be treated the same, for she has already been punished more than the average first offender. *Walter Isaacson*

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EDITORIALS.

Sullivan Go Home

Doing the opposite of what Henry Kissinger did, and what he now commends to the Administration, is not an infallible formula for a correct American policy everywhere, but it's a reliable rule of thumb. So when the former Secretary of State told a New York audience on December 18, regarding the Shah of Iran, that "we have a duty to stick with him to the end," you could simply reverse that prescription and come out about right.

If anything in the world is clear, it is crystalline that a national revolt against the cruel, "modernizing" regime of Sergeant Pahlevi's son is going on. The marches and barricades are manned not just by "leftists" or mullahs but by angry representatives of every level of Iranian society. Even the Army, spoiled and pampered by the Peacock Throne, is split on the question of whether there is any function left for the Shah to perform.

The only remaining support of any solidity at all for his hanging on to power resides in Washington, and even that is beginning to crumble. That wily old State Department hand, George Ball, called in for a consultation, is said to have urged action to hasten the imperial departure. This does not yet seem to be the consensual view in Carter's Washington, and the air down there is filled with globalonial stuff about finding "a second pillar" in the Gulf, now that the Shah's pedestal is toppling.

In fact, one nameless White House aide was quoted in *The New York Times* on New Year's Day as favoring a policy of fiery acrobatics "to reassure a lot of jittery allies." We should, said this Brzezinskiesque figure, have as our "goal . . . to bend over backward" to hearten our friends and be "prepared, if necessary, to go up in flames with the Shah." We may still be able to avoid that particular pyre, but it cannot be said that things are looking good for our team. That, of course, is because our whole attitude toward Iran and its ruler, and its appropriate role in the world, has been wrong since the C.I.A. propped him up on his throne in 1953.

From the point of view of the Kissingers and Brz-

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ezinskis of the world, the sad fact is that there is little the United States can do to affect the outcome of the present, quite awful situation in Iran. Any course we recommend to the Iranians (or covertly try to impose) will fail simply because it bears the Made in America stamp.

There is, however, one action we could take that would, because of its symbolism, have a real effect on developments in Iran. That would be to recall our Ambassador, William Sullivan. Although Sullivan is not, like his predecessor Richard Helms, formally a C.I.A. agent, he stands for the same things and comes from the same tradition (viz., his dark record in Laos and Vietnam). To remove from the scene this sticky-wicket operative would be a clear signal to the successors of the Shah that the United States means to change, and mend, its ways.

The removal of Sullivan from Teheran would be a tacit admission of the bankruptcy of our cold-war politics in the Persian Gulf. It would be a sign that we mean to leave it to the Iranians to work out their own destiny. As long as this ambassadorial agent remains there, behind the barbed wire of the United States Embassy compound, those who will follow the Shah as governors of Iran will be correct in their belief that this country has not abandoned its fantasy that we can somehow continue to impose a global American Way on that tortured nation.

Artful Dodges

In 1976 candidate Carter, protesting that the United States cannot be "both the world's leading champion of peace and the world's leading supplier of the weapons of war," vowed to "reduce the commerce in weapons." And according to the press he has done just that. For example, *The New York Times* recently ran a front-page story under the headline "Carter Cuts Back Export of Arms . . . Reduction Is the Second in Two Years."

It isn't until the story's penultimate paragraph that a persistent reader finds there is some debate as to whether Carter has indeed cut back those sales. Even then, the story ignores evidence that actually there is *no* arms restraint policy but rather a great deal of legerdemain.

The Carter policy ostensibly holds back arms sales to the third world, or more accurately, to all countries except those with treaty ties to the United States (NATO, Japan, Australia and New Zealand). Iran, Saudi Arabia, Zaire, etc., are all supposedly subject to constraints on how much they can buy through the Foreign Military Sales (F.M.S.) program, which are government-to-government sales.

In fiscal 1978, the first year of Carter's "restraint" policy, F.M.S. sales to nonexempt countries were cut 8 percent, from around $10 billion to $9.2 billion. The latest reduction, another 8 percent, will reduce sales to the third world in fiscal 1979 to no more than $8.4 billion. At this point one might ask whether more than $ billion in weaponry to such paragons of stability a Iran, Indonesia, South Korea and Zaire represents real departure from the Kissinger years.

But the fact is there isn't even a net reduction. The percent cut in 1978 was more than offset by a 33 per cent increase of commercial sales, that other conduit for United States arms which is not counted in Carter's program of restraint. The value of commercial licenses issued for sales to Argentina, for example rose 640 percent to $120 million in 1978, which more than offset the 69 percent decrease of $10 million in F.M.S. sales. (It also violated Carter's promise to end United States military support for violators of human rights.)

There are other loopholes. "Non-weapons related" sales—such as the mini-Pentagon the United States Army Corps of Engineers is building in Saudi Arabia—are not included. Neither are airfields or boot camps. But despite these dodges, the arms sales bureaucracy still has such trouble meeting the 8 percent reduction that it has resorted to dubious invoice trickery—selling ships to Iran but getting NATO allies to put the guns on them, or deferring consummation of sales so that they can be counted in later years.

Meanwhile, the backlog of F.M.S. orders stands at about $44 billion—some 80 percent of which will be delivered to the third world between now and 1986. The implications are so enormous that even the Administration has admitted them in moments of candor. During an obscure Congressional hearing several weeks ago, Leslie Gelb, the State Department's chief arms policy maker, remarked, "When these arms are delivered and when the recipients learn to use them, they will change the face of world politics. For the first time, many states throughout the world will have arms of much the same sophistication and quality as those of the few major powers." MAX HOLLAND

Max Holland is an associate at the Center for International Policy, a project of the Fund for Peace.

Suarez's Gamble

The recent adoption of a Constitution by the Spanish people signified not so much a new era as a return to political normality. Spanish political life is reverting to its traditional confrontation and controversy, qualities that are more typical of the national character than was the post-Franco consensus. Issues that in the past divided Spaniards into separate camps are once more the daily fare of political debate. Most important, the heretofore restrained maneuvering for political power is turning into a free-for-all.

But despite the Spaniards' well-deserved reputation for fierce partisanship, there will be no return to the bitter and violent schisms of the 1930s. Over the past ten years, Spain has been transformed into an

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

When Sam Rubin died recently at age 77 his family wisely decided not to hold a formal memorial service but to assemble a group of his friends, Quaker style, and let them say whatever they were moved to say about this most remarkable man. Several suggested that Sam was somehow a victim of political schizophrenia: a confirmed socialist rom an early age, he had become many times a millionaire in a capitalist society. But I could not help hinking that there was nothing really schizophrenic about his behavior or his politics.

Not too many Americans have been at the same time socialists by conviction and self-made millionaires. The few who have were usually closet socialists. But Sam never made any attempt to conceal his views. He was unabashedly a socialist in all companies, in all climes, in all seasons. In fact, his socialist views may have contributed to his shrewd insights into the workings of a capitalist economy. If he had lived in a socialist society I do not doubt that he would have been just as "successful," although his independence of mind might have created some problems. But his motivations, his penchant for innovation and experimentation, and his creative turn of mind would have found their uses. It just happened that he grew to maturity in a capitalist society and saw no reason why he should try to practice socialism, in the literal sense, in such a setting. There were, as he saw it, better ways of serving the cause.

Sam Rubin immigrated to New York from Russia in 1905 with his parents. When, at age 19, he first heard Jascha Heifetz play, he abandoned his earliest ambition, which was to become a violinist. But he never abandoned his passion for music or his interest in the arts. In 1963, he set up a $1 million fund to guarantee American participation in the Spoleto Festival for a decade. Somewhat earlier he had joined with Leopold Stokowski to found the American Symphony Orchestra, with the stipulation that it should include female and black musicians. (In all fields he was a premature integrationist.) After two years at City College, he started an import business, but closed it in 1935 and became a salesman of French perfumes. In 1937 he organized his own company, Faberge, which brought out perfumes with such exotic names as Aphrodisia and Tigress, sold in elegantly contoured bottles. A quarter of a century later he sold the company for $25 million and used the proceeds to endow causes he believed in and to further interests that appealed to him, particularly in the fields of anthropology, education, music and medicine.

But it would be a gross error to think of him as merely another American philanthropist. A man of enormous energy, quick intelligence and keen social insights, he dispensed money with the same shrewdness with which he had acquired it. His benefactions to medicine were large but his personal involvement always accompanied the grants. For example, he was one of the original founders of the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center but later resigned from the board when he became impatient with the pace at which his co-directors were appointing women and blacks to the board. He gave money to keep Sydenham Hospital from closing; helped set up a community nursery school to further his ideas about preventive medicine for children and donated a building to house the Postgraduate Center for Psychotherapy at New York University.

He had, of course, a lively interest in Israel. But his grants establishing cultural centers in the Negev and Galilee regions contained a stipulation that talented Arab students should be given scholarships. And while he continued to support Israeli cultural and educational institutions, he did not hesitate to criticize what he believed to be Israel's hard line toward the Arabs. In the field of public affairs, he was a major sponsor of the Institute for Policy Studies and the Trans-National Institute.

Surveying this record—and I have touched on only major aspects of it—one can say that never has the passion of the American woman for fragrance contributed more to worthy causes and people in need of assistance. Nor can one find any inconsistency between these benefactions and his deeply felt and freely voiced political convictions. The door of his home was always open to people seeking aid for causes they believed he might be interested in, but he never hesitated to tell them exactly what he thought about their proposals and how their shortcomings might be remedied. One might compare his record with that of capitalist philanthropists who have been known to contribute to causes in which they did not always believe; Sam never did.

This last year when Sam learned by chance that I too was a patient in the New York University Medical Center, he promptly invited me up to his room. There one evening, in that rather odd setting, with nurses and attendants and interns listening in, he proceeded with characteristic verve and enthusiasm to conduct a far-ranging seminar on world affairs that was lively, entertaining and instructive. No mention was made of operations or disabilities or illnesses. He had too much on his mind that he wanted to say about the state of the world. I left his room that night to return to mine convinced that a shared mutual interest, over many years, in left politics can be a wonderful tonic if not a cure.

The Dutch have a proverb that it is wise, if only for tactical reasons, to take a generous view of the universe. Sam Rubin probably never heard of the proverb but he exemplified it. His career proves that a generous man can always find ways to express his values and make his influence count. □

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLI

"Daddy, I don't understand what it means that we've finally recognized China. Was it wearing a disguise or something?"

"Yes. For twenty-five years, China pretended to be the Republic of Rwanda. Naturally, we had no idea who it really was, although the disguise was much too small for it, and China bulged out all over, sometimes into Tibet or North Korea. We knew it wasn't the Republic of Rwanda, of course, because there already was a Republic of Rwanda in Africa. Also, no Chinese diplomat could pronounce the Republic of Rwanda."

"Mommy says she can never get a straight answer out of you either."

"Well, diplomatic recognition is a very complicated question. Why don't you ever ask me the kind of questions other little girls ask their fathers? The capital of North Dakota, how to spell 'disgusting'—that sort of thing."

"What *is* the capital of North Dakota?"

"That's a very complicated question. Do you want more Cheerios?"

"Didn't I hear you talking to Uncle Bill about the time we lost China?"

"I'm pleased that you happened to hear one of our foreign policy discussions. Your mother would have people believe that Uncle Bill and I talk about nothing but sex and violence and exotic flavors of ice cream."

"If China's so big, how could we lose it?"

"We didn't lose it that way. We lost it the way Uncle Bill sometimes says that he had the Giants and ten points, and lost his shirt."

"Lost it to who?"

"Whom, not who. I may not know much about foreign policy, but I'm a whiz on grammar. Your question should have been 'Uncle Bill lost his shirt to whom?' "

"Not Uncle Bill's shirt, daddy. China. To whom did we lose China?"

"I always had trouble with that one myself. Maybe you could ask your mother."

"If we lost it, we must have had it."

"Well, we had what Uncle Bill would call a piece of the action. Then there was a civil war, and the people we didn't like because they were Communists beat the people we had a piece of, so our people had to take over somebody else's island and call that China."

"You mean there was an island disguised as China?"

"Exactly. The disguise was too big for the island, of course, and we had to keep stuffing it with foreign aid to make it fit."

"I think I understand to whom China was lost, but whom lost it?"

"Who lost it. Not whom. Who."

"Please don't start talking about Uncle Bill's shirt again, daddy. It just mixes me up."

"Your Uncle Bill had nothing to do with losing China. I'll admit that he may do some fiddling wit the capital gains tax now and then, but basically you Uncle Bill is a loyal citizen."

"Then who lost it?"

"Well, fortunately, there were a lot of hearings an investigations at the time, and it was decided tha China was lost by the people who were right abou which side was going to win the war. To use a ver simple analogy, it's as if Uncle Bill's bookie predicte that the Giants would lose, then the Giants do lose, s the people who bet on the Giants have the booki jailed for breaking and entering."

"I hate your analogies, daddy. Just tell me in a reg ular way: Are the people who lost China the same peo ple who won it back?"

"Oh no. The people who lost China lost their jobs for losing China and had to live in disgrace the entire time that China was disguised as the Republic of Rwanda."

"Then please just give me a straight answer: Who won it back?"

"Richard M. Nixon won it back."

"Richard M. Nixon!"

"See how boring straight answers are?"

"And he wasn't one of the people who lost it in the first place?"

"Certainly not. In fact, he called the other people traitors for losing it, and he insisted for twenty years that only traitors would point out that the disguise of the island disguised as China was getting baggy around the knees. Are you sure you wouldn't rather talk about sex and violence and exotic flavors of ice cream?"

"I think I understand. If recognizing China twenty years ago was losing it and recognizing it now is winning it, the people we didn't like there must have become a lot nicer, so now we like them. What have they done since we lost them?"

"Well, they killed a lot of our soldiers in Korea and they called us running dogs of capitalism. Also imperialistic lackeys."

"Then why do we think they're so nice now?"

"Because they also called the Russians running dogs of capitalism. The way our foreign policy works, it's O.K. to kill people and call people rude names as long as you don't like the Russians, because the Russians are Communists."

"But I thought you said the Chinese were Communists, and that's why we didn't recognize them."

"Are you sure you don't want any more Cheerios? They're stinky with riboflavin."

"Really, daddy."

"Pierre."

"Pierre's a Communist? Pierre whom? I mean Pierre who?"

"Pierre is the capital of North Dakota."

"Daddy, Pierre is the capital of *South* Dakota, you dum-dum."

"Well, it's a very complicated question." □

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ARTICLES.

■ OIL COMPANY CHORUS LINE

The Great Heating Oil Price Mystery

'RED J. COOK

Clad in their conservative business suits, they take their seats at the witness table, their lawyers by their sides. They speak forcefully, with great conviction. They know to the last human digit the number of their employees in the state of New Jersey, the number of their refineries, their capacity in the millions of gallons. They prevail against the restrictions placed on Exxon, Shell, Mobil, Texaco, et al., by a Federal Government that has insisted on keeping ceiling prices on gasoline. It is the dirty hand of Government regulation, they charge, that has kept the beautiful free-enterprise system from operating in its infallible way for the good of us all. That is why we have fuel problems.

Then they are asked a question: "Can you tell us what it costs to produce a gallon of No. 2 home-heating oil?" And suddenly they have no answers, these experts who have the answers for everything. It seems that some of the mightiest multinational corporations America has ever spawned should be able to answer a simple question about what it costs to produce a gallon of home-heating oil. But time and again Commissioner Joel Jacobson, head of New Jersey's Department of Energy, and his aides hear the same refrains: "I'm sorry, sir, but I don't have those figures." Or: "I'm sorry, sir, but we just can't break costs down that way."

Joseph Hinton, general manager of planning and finance for Mobil, put the general industry argument this way: "Large refineries like ours at Paulsboro contain many operating units. While we can determine the cost of operating a given processing unit, there is no way to determine the cost of a single refined product. . . . The actual price of a given product is determined by competition and government regulation." H. Scott Ingersoll, manager of oil products sales services for Shell, put the no-figure alibi this way: "So you are making from a barrel of crude a wide spectrum of products and our ability to slice that barrel up and say precisely what costs were allocated to making gasoline and what costs were allocated to making the 2 oil, and what costs were allocated for making lubricants, we don't have the ability."

This is what the industry calls the "volumetric" way of computing costs, a system that has been obligingly adopted by the Department of Energy (D.O.E.) in Washington. Under this benign manner of computation, a refinery's total output is divided into its total cost of operation, and what pops out is an overall per-gallon cost for everything. The producing company can slice that figure almost any way it chooses, assigning costs at will to unregulated home-heating oil, historically one of the cheapest products of the refineries.

In the first state hearings on fuel costs held in the nation, Commissioner Jacobson and his aides have been struggling since late November to pierce through the "volumetric" smoke screen and get specific answers to specific questions. They have been frustrated. As Commissioner Jacobson told R.C. Knowles, Northeast regional manager of Exxon: "When we continue to ask questions about the price, frankly, we get nebulous answers, and no matter how we push, we can't get the answers. If I were to ask you what are the production profits per barrel, I suspect that you wouldn't be able to tell me, would you?"

"Well, that's not my field. I don't really have that figure," Knowles said.

The contrast between the executive suite corporation types and spokesmen for the working stiffs has been marked in these hearings. Jerry Ferrara, executive director of the New Jersey Gasoline Retailers Association, was blunt and forthright, a marked contrast to the "volumetric" dodgers. "Our observation," he said, "is that the suppliers [the Big Oil spokesmen] have been less than candid in their replies. . . . Nothing that I have seen or heard indicates any crude oil shortage through the 1980s. . . . The wholesale price of gasoline has risen 140 percent from 1973 to now, excluding taxes. . . . Our association has challenged the rise in prices, but prices go up and up. There has been possibly $1.5 billion of overpricing."

Arthur Cole, first vice president of the New Jersey Industrial Union Council (A.F.L.-C.I.O.), representing 200,000 workers in the state, struck hard at the manner in which refineries have loaded costs on deregulated home-heating oil, victimizing millions of homeowners. He pointed out that, when the Federal Energy Administration (F.E.A.) took all price controls off heating oil in June 1976 during the Ford Administration, it painted a rosy picture of the manner in which "competition" would keep prices stable. Cole quoted from the F.E.A.'s announcement: "F.E.A. believes that the most important determinant of price behavior after exemption will be the supply-demand balances generated by competition among refiners and distributors under conditions of plentiful refining capacity and adequate supplies of crude oil. F.E.A. finds that competitive forces will be sufficient to preclude any rise in middle distillate prices." Cole emphasized that the F.E.A. had added that "If all of the F.E.A.'s findings about projected

Fred Cook is a journalist and author, whose latest work, Storm Before Dawn, *is a Revolutionary War historical novel.*

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supplies, demand and competitive pressures are wrong, *prices might rise as much as 1 cent per gallon.*" (Emphasis added.)

This must stand as a classic example of how wrong the fuddle-heads of bureaucracy can be. As Cole pointed out, the price of heating oil has jumped 12 cents a gallon in two-and-a-half years since decontrol —or twelve times the very worst the F.E.A. had said could possibly happen. The end is not in sight.

Perhaps a bit of perspective is in order. For some forty years, the giant oil companies surely were able to compute the cost of refining a gallon of home-heating oil. They sold billions upon billions of gallons of it at cheap prices during those years. And, since it is not in the American free-enterprise tradition to sell such vast quantities of a product at a loss, one must assume that the oil companies knew what the costs were and what they had to charge to make a tidy profit.

A retired longtime Monmouth County oil dealer recently recalled the old days. "I wish I could tell you," he said, "how many thousands of gallons of heating oil I sold at 9 cents a gallon. And this was at a time when the cost of gasoline to us wholesale—*wholesale*, mind you—was 18 cents a gallon. Gasoline at the pump, with state and Federal taxes added on, never sold for much less than 30 cents a gallon, roughly three times the cost of heating oil."

Fuel-oil prices have climbed since those days, like everything else, yet the relative cost factor has remained about the same. For decades, heating oil sold for about one-third—never more than one-half—of the price of gasoline at the pump. Even in the winter of 1973-74, during the Arab oil boycott, heating oil prices remained reasonably stable at between 18 and 19 cents a gallon. Then came the fall of 1974—and the first big jump: heating oil zoomed to over 30 cents a gallon. I was outraged, and I checked with my favorite Citgo service station to see whether it could be had any cheaper. I found the proprietor of the station as outraged as I was. He was paying the same price to keep his station warm, and he exploded: "The sons-of-bitches are ripping us off."

The rip-off had only begun, and the manner in which it was being accomplished should have warned even the dunderheads in F.E.A. that all of their assumptions were wrong. Their basic premise was that there would be competition; but all of the evidence, even in 1976, showed that there was *no competition*. Prices were uniform, with a variation of no more than one-half cent, because the companies of the oil consortium were dancing in cadence like Rockettes in a chorus line.

It remains that way. In three months last fall, heating oil prices jumped another 4 cents a gallon. (And this can't be blamed on the Arabs, for the rise occurred before the recent OPEC oil-price hike.) Last June, I paid 49.5 cents a gallon for heating oil; in mid-December the price was 53.5 cents. Like every householder I know, I am outraged because I am paying more for untaxed heating oil than I am for regul gasoline. Gasoline bears a 12-cent state and Feder tax and can be bought in my area at anywhere fro 59.9 (the price I am paying) to 62.9 cents a gallo

A little arithmetic—the kind that seems beyond th capacity of the experts of the oil giants—tells me th I am paying almost 6 cents a gallon more for heatir oil than I am for gasoline, after the tax differential eliminated. And this heating oil—for decades th cheapest product of the refineries, cheaper even tha kerosene—is now costing me nearly 300 percent mor than I paid for it just five years ago.

There isn't much question where the responsibilit lies. A Federal Department of Energy study (alread outdated) showed that home-heating oil prices be tween the 1976 decontrol and this November ha jumped 9.3 cents a gallon. Of this increase, the D.O.E attributed 1.2 cents to the cost of crude oil, 2.6 to th retailer—and 5.5 cents a gallon to increased refiner profits.

For two years now, fuel-oil dealers have been paint ing for me a picture of set, administered prices— something that could only be achieved by collusion among the great oil companies. "The refineries set the price and we just have to pass it on," my oil man tolc me a year ago. Last fall, when I was horrified by the first jump to 52.4 cents a gallon (not knowing what a bargain I had in view of what was to come), my dealer said to me: "Before the Arab oil embargo, you used to be able to shop around. You might be able to get fuel oil from one refinery 3 cents a gallon cheaper than from another. But not any more. They all set the same price. If one raises the price 1 cent a gallon today, they'll all have the same figure tomorrow morning."

Much on-the-street checking has convinced me that he is right. At a lunch counter one day, an independent fuel-oil dealer was sandwiched between myself and a nurse I know. The nurse and I began talking about the fuel-oil outrage and found we were both paying the set standard price of 52.4 cents a gallon.

"Do you know what the refineries are charging *me*?," the fuel-oil dealer said, jabbing an angry finger at his own chest, "46.9 cents a gallon! I have to sell it at 52.4; that's only a 5½-cent margin. Now in the winter, in cold weather, I'll sell maybe 7,000 to 9,000 gallons a day. But I have to pay the driver, the insurance on the truck, the repairs on the truck, the gasoline to drive the truck—and, when I'm making deliveries like that, the gasoline alone comes to $25 a day. How can I do it on a 5-cent-a-gallon margin? These jerks are going to bring us all down."

He was just warming up. "I'll tell you something else," he said. "I used to be given thirty days to pay for my oil. Not any more. Now it's ten days. It used to be that if you paid in ten days you got a discount—sometimes a double discount—but today you get nothing. I have to try to get cash from my customers. I've had some of them for twenty years, and it's pretty hard to explain to them why I can't give them credit anymore."

At this point, the telephone in the luncheonette

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ang. It was a call for the fuel dealer. He answered ie phone and came back shaking his head. "That was customer of mine," he said. "He already owes me 100 for fuel oil—and now he needs another 100 gal- ons. That's $53. I know he's good for it, but he can't ay me now. He has a 7-week-old baby in the house. o what am I going to do?"

All of this was happening just at the time that Joel acobson was holding his hearings and Shell was aunching a power play designed to scare the day- ights out of the American public—and so justify igher prices and eventual decontrol of gasoline. Shell announced that, as a result of the unusually mild fall weather this year, American drivers had been consuming a lot more gasoline than was normal. There was, said Shell, a shortage of unleaded gaso- line, and it was going to have to ration gasoline sup- plies to its gas stations.

The other members of the Big-Oil Rockettes promptly took Shell's cue. I happened to walk into my favorite Citgo station a couple of days after the Shell announcement and overheard the proprietor scream- ing over the phone to his supplier. "How the hell am I going to do business?" he was yelling. "You can't cut me back like that. I have to supply all the gasoline for two towns here. The police cars have to have gas. And what about my customers? You've got to do some- thing!" He slammed down the phone in disgust. "Jesus Christ!" he said to me, "If they keep up this rationing bit, you're going to have lines waiting at the gas pumps again."

A day or so later I walked into a station that is supplied by Mobil. The owner was in a tizzy. "They tell me I can only have 80 percent of the quota I used in June," he said. "But I'd just opened the station in June—and so we sold only 80,000 gallons. Last month, we sold 171,000. How am I going to take care of my customers if they give me only 70,000 gallons a month? I'll have to open the station later and close earlier, I guess."

This Big-Oil pressure tactic was just too raw for everyone except President Carter's inflation czar, Alfred Kahn. In a panic, he told Congress that he agreed price controls would have to be lifted to insure the nation the quantity of gasoline it needed. It was a ridiculous concession because even the spokesmen for the great oil companies were conceding in Jacobson's hearings that there was *no shortage*; that there might be just a temporary bind in unleaded, but supplies were really adequate to avoid any crisis. As a result, the great rationing scare lasted only a few days before the oil companies suddenly decided that they did have sufficient supplies on hand after all and things went back to normal. Or as normal as they can get in this situation.

For Big Oil's drive to be liberated from all price controls had evidently had its desired impact on the Carter Administration. The White House announced on December 7 that the President intends to ask Con- gress in mid-January to lift all price controls on gaso- line. The Administration estimated that such deregu- lation would result in a price increase of only 2 to 4 cents a gallon. Remember F.E.A.'s rosy predictions?

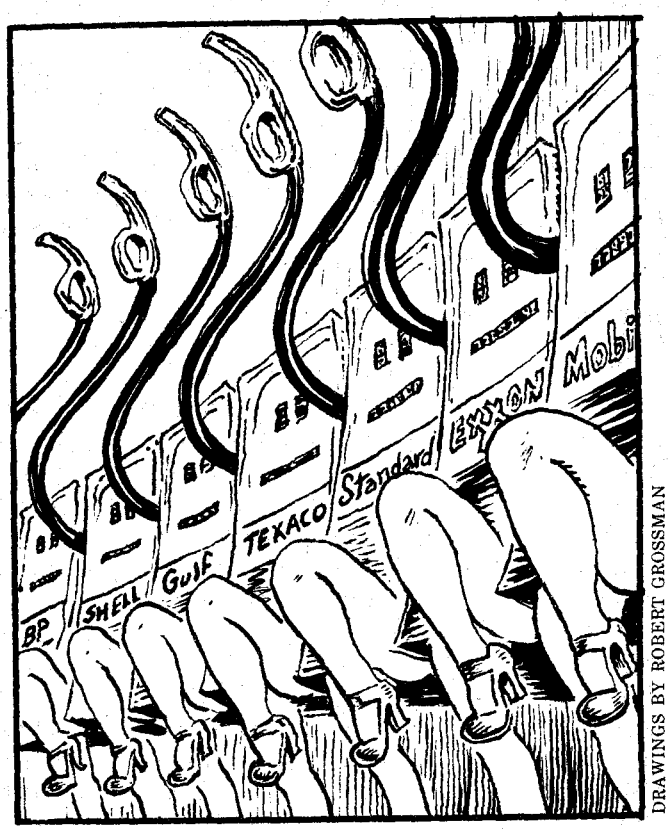
Joel Jacobson and his principal aides—Charles Richman, assistant commissioner, and Irving Oel- baum, director of operations—remember them well, and they make it clear in their questioning of indus- try witnesses that they think the heating-oil decontrol precedent will be followed if controls are lifted on gasoline. They already have some evidence to fortify that belief. Jacobson, in questioning Ingersoll, the Shell spokesman, pointed out that the price on pre- mium unleaded gasoline has been jumping at a much faster rate than on other grades.

"Is this increase merely because of an effort to max- imize profits or is it cost-related?" Jacobson asked.

"It's both," Ingersoll replied. "It's partly cost- related, and it's also a profit opportunity that refiner- ies are seeking. There's a bit of both worlds there."

Maximization of profits! That's the corporate ethic of our times, and there is considerable evidence that the Big Oil companies will stop at nothing to achieve it. A staff report prepared for Rep. John D. Dingell (D., Mich.), chairman of the House subcommittee on energy and power, and released on December 10, charged that "major" oil companies (unnamed) had overcharged American consumers nearly $2 billion in the last four years. It alleged that some officials of the Department of Energy had condoned practices that rooked American consumers to the tune of nearly $2 million a day.

Against this background, one has to be amazed at the equanimity with which the Carter Administra- tion views the freely predicted ultimate rip-off—$1-a- gallon gasoline and 60-cent-plus home-heating oil.



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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One feels compelled to ask: Where are the brains in this Administration? Doesn't anyone have the faintest contact with the day-to-day realities that face the average American citizen?

It is the height of stupidity—or lack of conscience—to talk about warring on 10 percent inflation (an inflation that has caused our 1967 dollar to shrink to 50 cents) and at the same time cater to the insatiable appetites of the great multinational oil companies. President Carter's naive idea, rejected last year by Congress, of putting a $2-a-barrel tax on imported oil in the hope of curbing American driving habits was literally asinine because oil pricing involves the whole scope of the economy, not just the automobile.

Exxon News, for example, reported to its stockholders in December: "United States agriculture is the most energy-intensive in the world. From farm to ultimate consumer, all of its activities account for about 15 percent of total U.S. energy consumption. Oil and gas combined meet about 80 percent of agriculture's energy needs." This translates into a farm consumption of 12 billion gallons of oil a year.

How about $1-a-gallon gas for the American farmer? The American housewife, already appalled at supermarket prices, hasn't seen anything yet if Big Oil gets its way and the sky is the limit. And, of course, food is just one item in the American budget. This is a petroleum-based economy, and petroleum prices affect everything—from the asphalt used on our roads to the plastics with their multiple uses to the synthetics that go into our clothes. You can hardly name an item in modern American life that is not affected to a considerable degree by the cost of oil.

The threat posed to the whole American economy by ever-escalating oil prices is clear—and some, though not the panjandrums in Washington, unfortunately, recognize the danger. Gov. Hugh Carey, of New York, declared angrily that the Northeast's heating bill is going up by more than $1 billion and that $1 gasoline is at hand. (Hugh Carey should know since his brother, Edward, owns the huge New England Petroleum Corporation.) "We have this $10 billion energy agency with 20,000 employees. Aren't they supposed to be doing something?"

Eliot Janeway, the noted economist, was equally acerbic in raking Alfred Kahn over the coals for his quick surrender to Big Oil. Janeway said: "You can't do anything about inflation if the price of oil is allowed to go up because the cost of oil affects the cost of everything." He characterized the oil companies' argument that they have to be freed from all regulation to be able to guarantee us the oil we need as so much "baloney." To talk about fighting inflation at the same time you're lifting ceiling prices on oil, is like "putting on your ice skates to go jogging."

Brock Adams, Secretary of Transportation in the Carter Cabinet, took on two industry giants at once in an interview on NBC's *Today* show. He swatted at the motor moguls of Detroit with one hand and at the oil consortium with the other. Adams wants Detroit to produce cars that will give the American driver fifty miles on a gallon of gasoline. The goal, he insisted, not unattainable because there are already in existence three or four new-style motors that would greatly increase mileage, but the closely interlocked motor baronies of Detroit refuse to attempt to undertake any radical revamping of their present engines.

As for petroleum, Adams said, the international consortium of a few major companies exercises complete control. They have the power to set prices and control the flow of products, Adams said. He added that we have the knowledge to make synthetic gasoline and the ability to stretch present gasoline supplies by adding alcohol to the mixture. But the nation cannot utilize these alternatives, he said, because the multinationals control the market; and if a competing product should threaten their control, they'd slash their prices enough to drive it out of business.

That is the picture. And one wonders how Brock Adams ever got into Carter's Cabinet—and how long he will stay. ⊏

NUCLEAR ILLUSIONS

Un-thinking The Unthinkable

SEN. JOHN CULVER

The most monumental, dangerous illusion of our time—indeed of all time—is that any nation can win an all-out nuclear war. In ancient times, when people believed the world was flat, the danger was in venturing too far out and going over the edge. Although we have long known that the world is a sphere and have a vast, sophisticated store of knowledge about mankind and its environment, we are once again in danger of venturing over the edge.

There are a number of illusions concomitant with the insane dream of winning a nuclear war. One recent one is the concept of a "limited" nuclear war. This is like limiting the mission of a match thrown into a keg of gunpowder. President Leonid Brezhnev told Sen. Edward Kennedy recently that he was convinced that even one nuclear bomb dropped by either of the superpowers would result in a general nuclear exchange—not only for our two nations but for the entire world. If one goes, they all go, he said. Can anyone doubt that our leaders would make full response if attacked? The political decision to press the red button would be made, whoever is in the White House. The Russians know it, we know it. The statesmanship of civilization and survival is to avoid the starting of a nuclear exchange. Once the unbelievably deadly war was unleashed, "the survivors would envy

Sen. John Culver, Democrat of Iowa, delivered this address at the conference on the Effect of Nuclear War, in Washington, D.C., December 7, 1978.

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ıe dead," as Nikita Khrushchev once put it.

In this country, with our great scientific and technological expertise, we know, or think we know, a reat deal about the effects of nuclear warfare and uclear production. This is another one of the dangerus illusions of our times. We have only begun to hart the unknown.

Two decades ago, we thought we knew enough to :xpose several hundred thousand American military ›ersonnel to exercises involving major nuclear tests. Now, these men are contracting leukemia in abnormal numbers. "Castle/Bravo," the largest nuclear weapon ever detonated by the United States, was set off at Bikini on February 23, 1954. It was expected to explode with the energy equivalent of about 8 million ons of TNT. In fact, it produced almost twice that explosive power. Its unanticipated contamination of 7,000 square miles of the Pacific Ocean demonstrated that a large-scale nuclear explosion can have far-reaching, lethal effects well beyond the local consequences of blast and fire. Eight years later, the Government told the Bikini Islanders it was safe for them to return to their experimental homeland. We now know that it wasn't. They have had to be evacuated again.

An investigation of long-term effects of the thermonuclear explosions by the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (A.C.D.A.) concluded that "the uncertainties that remain are of such magnitude that of themselves they must serve as a further deterrent to the use of nuclear weapons." A National Academy of Sciences study, commissioned by the A.C.D.A., probed the consequences of nuclear warfare beyond radioactive fallout. One of its findings was of the possible harmful effects of large-scale nuclear detonations on the ozone layer, which helps protect life on earth from the sun's ultraviolet radiations. The resulting increased ultraviolet radiation might be accompanied by a drop—perhaps a slight drop—in the average temperature. But even a cooling of 1 degree centigrade would devastate commercial wheat growing in Canada. Other unforeseen effects of high altitude bursts are the blackout of high-frequency radio communications and the disruption by electromagnetic forces of electrical equipment, including some in command systems that control nuclear arms.

These are only a few of the surprise effects of nuclear bursts. What we don't know about the deadly consequences of nuclear war far exceeds the knowledge we now have. We have learned only a few chapters in the encyclopedia of horror. One can only guess as to the long catalogue of deadly effects yet unknown in such areas as genetic damage and the long-term poisoning of our physical environment.

Another dangerous illusion is the confidence in some circles that we could control a nuclear war. We all hope that we could be rational in any crisis, including one verging on nuclear war. But who can be sure? There is a clear "firebreak" between conventional and nuclear weapons, but no such clear-cut firebreak between tactical or "limited" strategic strikes and full-scale nuclear war.

Both sides have command and control problems which would almost inevitably be compounded in an actual war. How would each side know whether the first radar blips were merely shots across the bow or the start of the final cataclysm?

Control is a special problem for the aggressor. Can he be sure that all his weapons will work as planned, that missiles will fire, remain on target and not destroy other attacking warheads through fratricide? Our own problems with the detonating device on the Polaris warheads suggest that major unforeseen problems can occur, further underscoring the folly and impracticality of an attempted first strike.

There is also the unanswered question of how a nuclear war is to end. Short of suicide, who would surrender? To whom? How would the message be sent? Who would believe an offer to surrender in the absence of certainty that no weapons remained? In the midst of the annihilation, destruction and environmental contamination, how would you distinguish between the victor and the vanquished? These are additional imponderables that should and do deter nuclear war. They should also make any plans and scenarios for fighting it highly suspect.

Last but not least among the dangerous illusions is the doctrine of recoverability. In his testimony before a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee in March 1974, then-Secretary of Defense Schlesinger submitted Pentagon estimates that a counterforce strike against the United States might result in "hundreds of thousands" of civilian casualties as opposed to tens and hundreds of millions. The Office of Technology Assessment double-checked the Pentagon study and concluded that the 2,300 or so warheads in the theoretical limited strike would kill between three million and twenty-two million Americans, depending on wind and fallout protection. The most likely figure would be between six million and sixteen million Americans. The "hundreds of thousands" estimate was found to have some legitimacy. An estimated 800,000 Canadians would be killed.

Many of the casualties would be in my own state of Iowa and across the Midwest, for such an attack would create a deadly swath of fallout. It would sweep through the central half of Iowa, including all of the largest cities, and extend eastward. That fallout would be an "acute dose" of radiation, enough to kill by radiation sickness at least 50 percent of the people exposed. Nearly everyone in the area would have to be hospitalized. The cancer rate among survivors would be double the normal. And the land in the affected areas would be contaminated with enough strontium 90 to exceed the current standards for agricultural use by a factor of ten.

A while back, the *Chicago Tribune* ran a startling article envisioning what would happen if a single nuclear bomb fell on Chicago. It posited a 5-megaton

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warhead, and described how everything within three miles would be destroyed, including the Loop, and the mushroom cloud would spread out over forty miles. Fire and radiation would prolong the dying. It is interesting to note that the assumed attack missile was an old Soviet SS-8—the very kind most likely to be dismantled under SALT II.

News articles like the *Tribune*'s that sharpen the public perception of the unacceptable horror of nuclear war are infrequently seen these days. As we approach the final debate over the ratification of SALT II, there is a danger that the American public will be lulled into the false notion that an all-out nuclear war could be won and survived as were the conventional wars of the past. But as President Carter said: "In the past, war has been accepted as the ultimate arbiter of disputes among nations. But in the nuclear area, we can no longer think of war as merely a continuation of diplomacy by other means. Nuclear war cannot be measured by archaic standards of victory and defeat." In conventional wars, even world wars, it was possible for nations to dig themselves out of the rubble. But after a nuclear war, even the rubble contains the seeds of death.

I think we have made the central equation too complicated. We have become immersed in dehumanized technicalities and statistics and have lost the elementary sense of horror and anguish that is needed to make us see the truth. The doctrine of deterrence between the two superpowers, which is at stake again in SALT II, has enabled us to avoid nuclear war for all these years so we have been spared the actual experience of it. But we can reach back through the years to the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and recover many things we would rather forget, such as the memorable description by a Japanese girl of what she felt and saw at Hiroshima:

> Ah, that instant! I felt as though I had been struck on the back with something like a big hammer, and thrown into boiling oil. When I abruptly came to again, everything around me was smothered in black smoke; it was all like a dream or something that didn't make sense. My chest hurt. I could barely breathe, and I thought, 'This is the end.' I pressed my chest tightly and lay face down on the ground, and ever so many times I called for help. . . .
>
> Through a darkness like the bottom of Hell I could hear the voices of the other students calling for their mothers.
>
> At the base of the bridge, inside a big cistern that had been dug out there, was a mother weeping and holding above her head a naked baby that was burned bright red all over its body, and another mother was crying and sobbing as she gave her burned breast to her baby. In the cistern the students stood with only their heads above the water and their two hands, which they clasped as they imploringly cried and screamed, calling their parents. But every single person who passed was wounded, all of them, and there was no one to turn to for help. The singed hair on people's heads was frizzled up and whitish, and covered with dust—from their appearance you couldn't believe that they were human creatures of this world.

The warheads that devasted Hiroshima and Nagasaki were about 13 kilotons in yield. Our smalles strategic warhead, on the Poseidon, is three time more powerful; our standard ICBM warhead is fi teen times more powerful and that force is soon to b doubled. Dr. Ray Cline of Georgetown University ha estimated that the explosive force of all the conven tional bombs dropped by the United States Air Forc in World War II amounted to only 2 megatons, th yield of one or two ordinary nuclear bombs today.

To try to visualize the total devastating power i our nuclear arsenal can unhinge the human mind Such terms as "yield" and "megatonnage" give scan idea of the unimaginable destructive capability w are talking about and the horrible, unacceptabl effect its unleashing would have on the human rac and its environment.

Unquestionably, over the last two decades the Soviet Union has relentlessly built up its military power in both nuclear and conventional sectors and narrowed the gap to the point where military experts, including our Joint Chiefs of Staff, describe the present military balance between the superpowers as "rough equivalence." But in terms of the military and nonmilitary components of strategic power, the United States is still number one, and it is a grave disservice to our national security interests and the cause of peace to understate the awesome power we have.

The alarmists are saying that we have been standing still in military development while the Soviets have been moving ahead. This is simplistic nonsense. We have deployed about twice as many MIRVed ICBMs in this decade as the Soviet Union has. We took a brand new missile, the Minuteman III, and, keeping the same name, improved it by nearly doubling the yield of its weapons and the accuracy as well. We are building new Trident submarines and the much longer-range Trident missile. According to the Navy, this will give us an 82 percent increase in the number of missiles at sea compared with the lifetime average of the Poseidon submarines. Our bomber force has also been modernized, with several billion dollars spent for improved penetration, greater weapons accuracy, supersonic attack missiles (SRAM), and the revolutionary technology of cruise missiles. The present SAC commander, General Ellis, has testified that our B-52s will be effective penetrators for at least the next decade.

The frantic, open-ended arms race between the two superpowers lunges on, bringing us ever closer to the flash point. There is no miracle of diplomacy that can give positive assurance that nuclear conflict will never break out. But there is a sane, practical alternative to the present situation, a way to moderate this deadly, no-win competition—arms control by mutual agreement.

It appears that we are on the verge of an agreement with the Soviets in the SALT II talks that would replace the unequal numerical limits of SALT I, codify the Vladivostok understanding on equal aggre-

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ates, and offer the prospect of genuine reductions nd qualitative restraints. We have come to this thresh-ld only after a careful, balancing process extend-ng over three administrations. Rejection would be iewed, not only by the Soviets, but by the world at arge, as United States repudiation of the whole proc-ss of cooperative restraint on strategic arms escala-ion.

If SALT II were to fail, we would be the losers. For hat matter, so would the Russians. So would the civ-lized world. An appropriate epitaph would be Albert Einstein's statement: "The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our way of hinking." Despite the impassioned opposition from some quarters in this country to the proposed agree-ment, one must hope that sanity will prevail and SALT II will succeed. □

SUPPORTING THE SEGS

Southern Black Voters Are Whistling Dixie

ADAM ABRAM

When the Voting Rights Act of 1965 passed, die-hard segregationists and civil rights workers found they had one thing in common: they were both convinced that the black vote would alter the face of Southern politics. Today, after thirteen years of organizing and politicking, Southern black voters are giving substantial electoral support to the very politicians who fought so long to deny blacks their constitutional rights.

Sen. Herman Talmadge of Georgia, who used to campaign at white racist barbecues, commanded 72 percent of the black vote in his 1974 trouncing of a weak opponent. Last year, in South Carolina, 75-year-old Strom Thurmond picked up almost 20 percent of the black vote in his campaign against an attractive opponent who bore down on Thurmond's civil rights record and opposition to social service programs. In Mississippi, the president of the state N.A.A.C.P., who had risked his life to achieve a semblance of racial equality, publicly bemoaned Senator Eastland's decision to retire.

In short, Southern blacks have used the vote to drive a wedge into the formerly all-white political and economic power of the region. Black suffrage has also put an end to race baiting, which isolated and demeaned the black community in the South. Those are welcome changes, but far from revolutionary. Blacks have not employed their suffrage to change the nature of the political and economic system in the South, let alone in the nation.

It must be said, though, that the dominant, middle-class leaders of the enduring civil rights organizations never aimed to overturn the system. They spoke of an equal chance for education, of equal economic opportunity, and equal access to the political machinery. These were simply demands for a share of the prosperity and power that white Americans already enjoyed. The more radical black leaders who called for revolution, and referred vaguely to turning the instruments of production over to the people, have been unable to sustain a substantial following.

Blacks could today exert formidable political force in many Southern states. In Thurmond's South Carolina, for example, 26 percent of the registered voters are black. So are 35 percent of the eligible voters in Mississippi, and in Georgia, where black politicians have won important posts, blacks constitute about one-fourth of the electorate. However, these statistics point to potential power. There are only twenty-one blacks in the 180-member Georgia General Assembly, and only two among the state's fifty-six state Senators. Only four of the 174 Representatives and Senators elected in Mississippi are black and there are but ten blacks among the 170 South Carolina representatives.

There are many reasons for this disparity between the possession and the use of power, but the basic reason is that, once the issue of blatant racial injustice is removed, the black community in the South no longer stands as one body on economic and political issues. To quote a black member of the South Carolina House of Representatives, "The word black is no longer synonymous with the word poor."

As soon as one views the civil rights movement as an attempt to gain access to the existing political and economic structure, the ability of former segregationists to attract black votes is more easily understood. When white politicians gave up the struggle to bar them from the system, many blacks chose to concentrate on their original goal of using that system to prosper. Blacks who wanted to get ahead in the world took to measuring how much of a leg up elected officials could provide. The incumbents, recognizing the power of the black vote, were in a position to do their part.

Thurmond sensed how the wind was blowing in 1970, when his protege, Albert Watson, was beaten in the gubernatorial race by a coalition of moderate whites and blacks who were alarmed and angered by Watson's virulently racist message. A few weeks after that election, Thurmond hired a black director for a voter registration project designed to seek out needs of the black community into which the Senator could channel Federal funds.

Talmadge, characterized by a black member of the Georgia House of Representatives as "a very fast learner on this subject," began to court the black vote

Adam Abram is a freelance writer living in North Carolina.

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in 1966 at a meeting of black businessmen and politicians. He told the gathering he would be seeking all the votes, and since then he has directed hundreds of thousands of Federal dollars to black colleges and businesses in his state. Such services were, of course, only extensions of the favors he had done whites for years.

It is difficult to determine exactly how such services translate into votes for a white politician, but there is no doubt that they do affect the class of people who have traditionally supplied political leadership for the black community. It is not surprising, for example, that Talmadge instructed his office to extend itself in getting Housing and Urban Development (H.U.D.) subsidies for low-income housing owned by two black churches in Augusta. The projects shelter almost 400 families, and the Senator is understandably popular with the clergymen of those churches.

Similarly, Strom Thurmond's solicitude for blacks in South Carolina earned him the endorsement of ten of the eleven black mayors in the state. The support did not always carry their towns for Thurmond, but did make it difficult to organize the black vote against him. Indeed, when a coalition of civil rights leaders came out for his opponent, it nonetheless noted Thurmond's "belated philanthropies."

Thurmond's use of Federal funds, his nomination of the first black to serve on a Federal court in the South, his recommendation of black students to the military service academies, and his close attention to the details of constituent services have, to some degree, neutralized the leadership of the black community in South Carolina. While his opponent

brought in national figures like Andrew Young and Martin Luther King Sr. to speak for him, he could not organize an anti-Thurmond black vote. The leaders of the black community were not sufficiently excited by that issue.

There are two general reasons for this lack of excitement. First, Thurmond has been very effective in delivering the goods to his black constituents. It is difficult for a black mayor to come out actively against him when the Senator has personally intervened in Washington to get funds for his town's water system. After Senator Thurmond channeled more than $100,000 of H.U.D. money to Eastover, S.C., Mayor Lewis Scott said he was unfamiliar with the Senator's voting record on civil rights legislation and social service programs. "The only thing I do know," Scott said, "is that when I get a grant application in, I write the Senator a letter and he sticks with me down the line." One can multiply this attitude by the hundreds of favors Thurmond has performed for leaders and citizens in the black community.

The second general reason for black leadership's lack of excitement about the prospect of ousting a man like Thurmond is that the ranks of leadership have been thinned. State Rep. Grace Hamilton, one of the first black legislators elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, observed: "During the height of the civil rights effort all the [black] leadership that would have worked on wider fronts was united on that issue. [Today] some of that leadership is pulled off into specialized efforts that weren't open to them before—like business, administration and government. . . . Increasingly," she added, "the black community is more appreciative of the small gains" which add up to social and economic parity with the white community. That kind of appreciation on the part of those who can expect to benefit substantially from the economic system cuts into the urge for reform.

From a practical point of view, an established politician like Thurmond or Talmadge does not need much of the black vote in order to win. Both of these men are thought to have a sure 30 percent to 40 percent of the statewide vote, a large part of it coming from those described as "the Lester Maddox crowd." They are white, older than 35, earn less than $10,000 per year, and believe the Government has gone too far in aiding blacks. With this as a base (and their segregationist history helps to hold it), Talmadge and Thurmond have only to prevent the black community from organizing solidly against them. That is how a divided and nonmilitant black leadership aids one-time segregationists.

It is not true that black leaders in Georgia and South Carolina have failed to organize in support of the opponents of Talmadge and Thurmond. The present Mayor of Atlanta, Maynard Jackson, made his political name by running a token race against Talmadge. Similarly, the Black Legislative Caucus of South Carolina this year staged a concerted cam-

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aign against Thurmond. There has certainly been pposition, but not enough to offset the many services rovided the black electorate by these two veteran oliticians.

However, the political structure of South Carolina nd Georgia has been open to blacks for some time. In Mississippi, where the percentage of blacks is the ighest of any state in the union, the political situaion is still relatively closed. There, one can see both he power and the fragility of the black political resence.

The Democratic Party of Mississippi has tried sysematically to exclude blacks from its ranks. It has ut up very few black candidates at the local level, nd has repeatedly tried to deny black representation n the state delegations to the national conventions. Recognizing this policy, the national Democratic Party rejected Mississippi's regular delegation to the 1972 convention, and seated instead a more representative "loyalist" group of whites and blacks who had been elected in a series of county elections.

Since 1972, the selection process for Mississippi delegates to the national convention has been reformed, but the policy of exclusion remains an issue.

That was one of the factors that moved Charles Evers to run for the Senate this year as an independent. He won about 23 percent of the vote after a shoestring campaign. The white Democratic candidate, Maurice Dantin, received about 20 percent of the black vote, but only enough white votes to collect 31 percent of the total. The Republican, an extreme conservative, won with 45 percent of the vote—virtually all of it white.

The effect of Evers's candidacy was to cut into the black-white alliance that a Democrat must have to win. If it is to prevent other similar debacles, the Democratic Party will have to open its ranks to blacks at all levels. For where the system is closed to them, they organize to undermine it.

The irony of this sort of negative power is that one would find it hard to prove that the average black citizen, who can vote for a viable party-sponsored candidate in South Carolina, gets a better return on his vote than does the Mississippi voter who backs an independent candidate sure to be defeated. The elected officials of South Carolina have proposed no programs to raise their state out of its poverty. It lags behind forty-six of the states in literacy and infant mortality. The party umbrella has been opened to shelter blacks, but very few innovative reformers have gained leadership positions. The net achievement of the Voting Rights Act seems to be that it has put some blacks in the ranks of leadership, but they have not used their positions to push for major reforms of the system. Rather, they have chosen to become part of the system that finally accepted them, even if that means trading votes to Thurmond for money to remedy specific problems in their communities. They are pragmatists, and that, to be sure, is better than nothing. But pragmatism will never shake the world. □

Labor Law

(Continued from Front Cover)

percentage of victories had plunged to 46 percent. Both because of membership discontent with union leadership and employers' increasingly sophisticated union-busting tactics, the number of proposed contract agreements rejected by rank and file has in recent years risen sharply, and unions now lose close to 80 percent of the growing number of decertification elections (which challenge the union's status as bargaining representative) and de-authorization polls (which challenge "union shop" agreements) conducted by the National Labor Relations Board. Right-to-work laws, already on the books in some twenty states, are being lavishly promoted by opponents of labor in at least six others, though a campaign in Missouri was defeated in the November elections.

No less unfavorable for unions has been the trend of public opinion. Various polls conducted while Congress considered the L.L.R.B. showed labor lagging far behind business in both public confidence and belief in its representative character. In addition, a majority of those polled felt that leaders of the larger unions wielded excessive power.

But aggregate indices such as these veil a more subtle aspect of labor's decline: the decay of its position inside the American party system. Although the unions' power within the Roosevelt New Deal coalition was probably less than most contemporary observers recognized, shared as it was with large numbers of investment and commercial bankers, representatives of a variety of high technology industries, and too many oil men to count conveniently, from 1935 onward they did exercise significant influence within Democratic circles.

But by the late 1950s labor's position within the Democratic Party had already begun to deteriorate. A year before the pivotal Presidential election of 1960, a Congress top-heavy with Democrats in wake of the recession-induced landslide of 1958 passed the sharply anti-labor Landrum-Griffin Act. Simultaneously the Republican business coalition of the 1950s began to splinter over the issue of free trade, which threatened major industries such as steel, textiles and shoe manufacturing, but was ardently promoted by the G.O.P.'s "Eastern Establishment" of bankers and multinationally oriented business firms.

When the right wing of the party, supported strongly by such protectionist and nationalistically inclined figures as National Steel's George Humphrey, textile magnate Roger Milliken, and independent oil men John Pew and Henry Salvatori, seized control of the G.O.P. in the early 1960s, a mass exit

Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers are members of the political science departments at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Princeton University, respectively.

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commenced of multinational (and, commonly, high technology) businesses from the Republicans to the Democrats. Their impact on the Democratic Party's foreign economic policy was immediately evident. With the Trade Expansion Act of 1962 and the Kennedy Round of substantial tariff reductions, the party reaffirmed its New Deal commitment to a liberally structured world economic order, providing for the free multilateral flow of goods and capital.

This was a disaster for labor, which was best organized in those older industrial sectors most threatened by international competition, and which experienced the flood of imports from Western European, Japanese and American-owned corporations abroad as a loss of union jobs. Nor was labor able to stem the flow of shops from the North to right-to-work states in the South. In 1965 the most heavily Democratic Congress since Roosevelt's second term declined to amend the right-to-work provision of the Taft-Hartley Act, and other Democratic Congresses of the period, despite routine election-year promises to labor, contrived to avoid the issue altogether.

With the return of a Democratic Administration in 1977, labor attempted once again to improve its organizing position by legislation. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. proposed a series of amendments to existing labor law whose general thrust was to speed up representation elections, increase penalties for the skyrocketing number of unfair labor practices committed by employers, afford unions access to employer premises to combat "captive audience" employer union-busting tactics, and grant the N.L.R.B. additional power in "refusal to bargain" cases, while increasing the size of the N.L.R.B. and streamlining the review process for regional Administrative Law Judge findings.

But the realignment of party elites that took such dramatic shape in 1964 had crystallized by the middle of the 1970s. The hegemonic element in President Carter's victorious coalition of 1976 was the free-trade oriented Trilateral Commission, not the ever more protectionist A.F.L.-C.I.O. And the defeat of the common situs picketing bill foreshadowed what was vividly illustrated by the fate of the Labor Law Reform Bill: When forced to choose between his big business and labor supporters, Carter would throw his weight behind the former.

This was apparent from the start of last fall's Congressional session, when Carter and Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd set their legislative agenda. They decided to shelve the L.L.R.B. until after the Senate approved the controversial Panama Canal treaties, an item of first importance to a phalanx of big banks and multinationals who feared the impact a rejection of the treaties might have on their Latin American investments. As Carter and Byrd well knew, voting twice for positions publicly identified (however outlandishly) as "liberal" would be too much to expect of some Senators who faced re-election campaigns. Whichever bill came up first would therefore enjoy the better chance. In addition, Carter's an Byrd's decision gave the growing ranks of anti-unio lobbyists (far more professional than their opponents more time to mobilize support. By the time th L.L.R.B. finally came up in Congress, an army of ne actors had been recruited for the struggle.

Business in America is not organized as a unitar state but operates rather along the lines of a federa republic. At the national level, salient and endurin cleavages separate big from small business. An within the big business group, critical distinctions i technological sophistication and degree of multina tional orientation exist between sectors and amon individual firms. Depending on the issue and specifi arena of conflict, different sorts of coalitions form i the business community. The community's effort t organize itself in opposition to the L.L.R.B. provide a good illustration of how this process of coalition building works in practice.

Organizations of small businesses such as Jame McKevitt's 500,000-member National Federation o Independent Business, and the more powerful Na tional Association of Manufacturers (N.A.M.) and United States Chamber of Commerce, whose primary operational constituency consists of small businesses, all opposed the bill from the start (although N.A.M. had to bring into line some Northeast concerns which felt that union successes in the South would help arrest Northeast industrial decline). So did a number of trade associations, including the Master Printers Association and, from the crucially important construction industry, the Associated Builders and Contractors (whose Butch Randall headed up the National Action Committee on Labor Law Reform) and the Associated General Contractors, in which the giant, privately held Bechtel is a major presence.

Also in action from the start, but operating somewhat apart from the other groups, was the National Right to Work Committee (N.R.W.C.), headed by Reed Larson, who has a long and generally successful history of fighting unions. He helped persuade Everett Dirksen to lead the floor fight against repeal of the Taft-Hartley 14(b) right-to-work provision in 1965-66, has been instrumental in promoting right-to-work laws in any number of states, and came to the L.L.R.B. debate fresh from beating the common situs picketing bill under both Ford and Carter. Employing a strategy a bit more sophisticated than he did some years ago, when the N.R.W.C. sold "Eat California Grapes" bumper stickers at the height of the United Farm Workers' grape boycott. Larson now advertises himself as yet another lobbyist for simple human rights. Using the computerized mailing lists of Richard Viguerie, his committee distributes literature and raises funds largely through direct mail and newspaper advertising, now accepted by prestigious liberal magazines and book reviews. (Disclosure of contributors to Larson's equally active N.R.W.C. Legal Defense and Education Foundation is the object of a suit by a consortium of unions, who claim that employers are laundering funds through Larson

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) pay for their employees' anti-union lawsuits, a nove that would be illegal under current labor law.) n the meantime Sears Roebuck reportedly made a efty contribution to the N.R.W.C. while the battle aged over the L.L.R.B. (An article by Zachary Sklar n the N.R.W.C. and similar anti-union organizations vill appear in the next issue of *The Nation*.)

Both N.A.M. and the United States Chamber of Commerce have taken on more staff and cultivated grass-roots organizing throughout the 1970s. The Chamber's "Action Call" on key pieces of business-related legislation now reaches a regular audience of seven million, while its 2,300 "Congressional Action Committees" of local businessmen are prepared to coordinate district pressure on legislators. The decision by N.A.M. and the Chamber in mid-1977 to cooperate in opposition to the upcoming bill probably marked a high point in the awareness and density of small business organization since the New Deal.

But what lifted the L.L.R.B. battle to historic significance was the struggle that took place on the heights of the American economy where, for the first time in decades, the largest American corporations allied with the small business community and committed major resources for a blitz against labor.

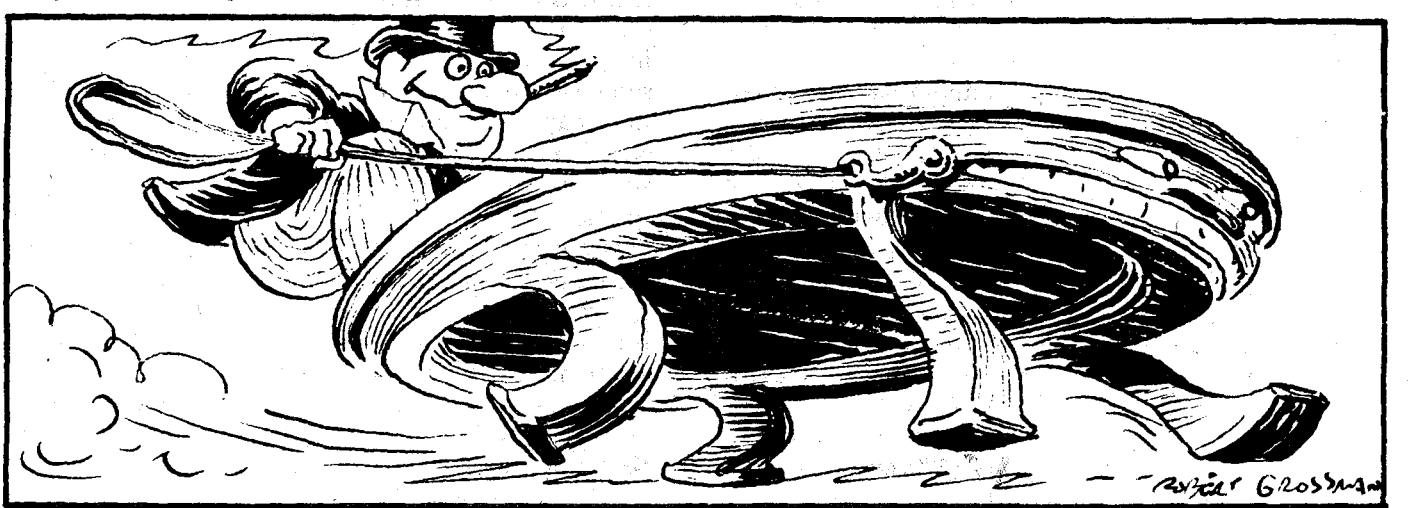
The center of deliberations leading up to this step was the Policy Committee of the Business Roundtable. The Roundtable, originally organized out of much less publicized groups such as the Construction Users League, and the so-called "March Group" (and with a Policy Committee that heavily overlaps the much more discreet Business Council), has grown since it was founded in the early days of the 1970's recession into corporate America's major high-profile public lobbying and consensus center. Unlike the American contingent on the Trilateral Commission, which is exclusively oriented toward multinationalism and free trade, the Roundtable membership represents both sides of the controversy over American foreign economic policy.

All belligerents in the great labor war of 1978 recognized the critical role the Roundtable would necessarily play, and pressure on the organization to commit itself was intense. A bloc of big firms on the Policy Committee pressed for a quick decision to join N.A.M. and the Chamber in opposition to the bill. Prominent among these were firms relying on unskilled labor, like Sears Roebuck, as well as firms in mass production industries, such as Firestone and Goodyear, that are under pressure in the current world recession. Most of the chemical companies urged a strong position against the bill, in part out of anxiety about their own work force, but also because they depend on industries like textiles which use large quantities of chemicals and are threatened by unionization. And of course the steel companies favored a strong stand against the bill, with Bethlehem donating the full-time services of industrial relations vice president J.J. O'Connell to the National Action Committee's own policy committee.

Nevertheless, another important segment of the Roundtable was initially skeptical about a major attack on the bill, and favored neutrality. Firms like I.B.M. and A.T.&T. that operate with ultra-high technology (and hence comparatively low direct labor costs), saw no pronounced gain for them in defeating the L.L.R.B. With the probable exception of Shell, oil companies, although certainly worried about an extension of union activity in their industry, seem to have opposed a harsh public position. Although busily engaged in the flight south from the unions (recently slowed somewhat by agreements to turn over some of the new plants to the U.A.W.), heavily unionized firms like General Motors did not wish to spark a class war, and so temporized at the start. And other firms, notably General Electric and Du Pont, frankly argued that the benefits of big business-big labor collaboration outweighed the costs, even during a world recession.

Organized labor made some attempt to exploit this division within the Roundtable. Its spokesmen repeatedly held out the carrot of cooperative labor relations. Unions inveigled the steel industry, for example, with a provision in the bill banning "stranger picketing" of the type rampant earlier this year in the coal fields—a measure that would, incidentally, subordinate union rank and file to headquarters.

Labor also brandished the stick. Earlier this year, some unions threatened to remove their pension funds



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from banks whose personnel sat on the boards of corporations renowned for their hard line toward union organizing. Reportedly, representatives of labor reminded the major banks on the Roundtable Policy Committee of this episode early in the Roundtable deliberations. And though diffusion of electronic processing equipment has de-skilled a significant proportion of bank work and thus made it more vulnerable to unionization, the big banks maintained a low profile throughout the struggle. (By contrast, the American Banking Association, dominated by small banks, lobbied against the L.L.R.B. from the beginning.) Finally, labor seems to have brought special pressure on Ralph Lazarus, chairman of Federated Department Stores and a Policy Committee member, who also chose to stay on the sidelines.

In August 1977, reportedly amid threats by some of the small business organizations to boycott big businesses that wavered, and complaints from the lower ranks of the firms that favored neutrality, the Policy Committee voted 19 to 11 to move actively against the bill rather than stay neutral. On the losing side were General Electric, Du Pont, Federated Department Stores and, in all probability, I.B.M., A.T.&T., Citibank, Chase, General Motors, Mobil and most of the other oil companies (save Shell).

The Roundtable then closed ranks with N.A.M. and the Chamber on the National Action Committee. In the end, even G.E., which had been perhaps the most vigorous defender of neutrality, sent plant managers to lobby against the bill at the height of the debate. Fraser Associates handled publicity for the Roundtable on the bill, and McGuiness and Williams, whose Labor Policy Association had previously acted for Roundtable members on labor affairs, were retained as counsel.

As the bill moved toward a vote on the Senate floor, lobbying and bargaining were intense. Planeloads of businessmen flooded Washington, business launched a nationwide press campaign of canned editorials and advertising, and much grass-roots organizing was attempted by both sides.

Although President Carter had been involved in the bill's formative stages—during which he had insisted on removing a projected 14(b) repeal provision that labor wished to use later as a bargaining chip—he for the most part kept out of the campaign to enact the L.L.R.B. Responsibility for White House lobbying was delegated to Vice President Mondale and Labor Secretary Ray Marshall, men whose strongly pro-labor backgrounds deprived them of much leverage with anti-labor Senators. Carter, so adept earlier at mobilizing Senate support for the Canal treaties, quietly allowed his newly acquired reputation as a skilled negotiator to dissipate.

By the time of the June filibuster, all the interest goups were aligned, but the bill was in tatters. Several important provisions had disappeared, including the heavy compensation clause for employees found victim of unfair labor practices (of special significance to small businesses unprepared to pay such fees), and many features of the procedure to accelerate representation elections. As bargaining over specific parts of the bill extended debate for a period longer than that afforded any other major piece of labor legislation in the nation's history, the crucial question became whether the filibuster led by Senators Hatch, Helms, Lugar and others could be broken.

The forces opposing the bill retained a remarkable cohesion, which was only in part an achievement of ideology. When Sen. Howard Baker, a leading unannounced candidate for the 1980 G.O.P. Presidential nomination (and who would like to run as a free trade advocate), flirted with the idea of casting his vote for cloture, Senator Hatch applied strong pressure. Working closely with the National Right to Work Committee, Hatch coolly dispatched a letter, on Senate stationery, outlining the current status of the bill to every 1976 G.O.P. contributor. This move, along with earlier criticism he had received from the Citizens for the Republic (legatee of the residual $1 million war chest of Citizens for Reagan), kept Baker in line. The National Right to Work Committee alone mailed its constituents more than fifty million preprinted postcards attacking the bill. Reportedly, six million of them were mailed back to the Senate Office Building, and by the end of the spring, nearly every postcard maker in the East had been bought out.

As the filibuster continued, Carter, under tremendous pressure from labor, was finally forced to move. Blandishments apparently held out by Carter to particular Senators as incentives for a cloture vote included sugar import concessions to Chiles of Florida and Long of Louisiana, a revision of Administration land settlement policy in Alaska to that state's Stevens, and an Ambassadorship to Belgium for Sparkman of Alabama, who was retiring.

As swing Senators held out for amendment of one or another of the bill's provisions, labor lobbyists consistently overestimated the number of cloture votes they really had in hand. Byrd's own more pessimistic tallies proved to be correct on this score, for after six separate votes the bill was eventually scuttled, amid promises from Long to attempt a compromise in the next session, albeit for a drastically enfeebled bill.

This ended the first disastrous act of a performance that labor had envisioned as calling back its old appreciative audience. The likelihood that any of the initiatives an increasingly nervous labor movement has pursued since the defeat of the bill—the renewed efforts by many unions in support of protection; an attempt by others to replay the early 1960s by promoting another liberal internationalist as President in 1980; the drive by some to caricature the mid-1960s by renewing coalitions with church groups, minorities and assorted "public interest" lobbies, or the campaign now being mounted by others for a shorter work week—can save the situation demands a more thorough analysis than we can venture here. We will, however, address these matters separately, in a future issue. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Uses Of the Apolitical

JOHN TAYLOR

THOMAS MERTON, MONK AND POET: A Critical Study. *By George Woodcock. Farrar Straus & Giroux. 300 pp. $7.95. Paper $3.95.*

Montaigne observes in the *Essays* that he often hears "people propose to us patterns of life which neither the proposer not his hearers have any hope of following, or, what is more, any desire to follow." Discontinuity between professed commitment and daily behavior is for most of us the norm, which is not to jeer that we are pharisees all but only to recognize that the strength to bring action into harmony with conviction is given to very few.

Thomas Merton possessed that kind of strength and like George Orwell, his somewhat older contemporary, he succeeded in conforming his life to his beliefs. Presumably it is this distinction that has impelled George Woodcock to write studies of both men, for neither Orwell nor Merton was a writer of the first rank. Though Merton the poet was quite good enough to attract a large reading public, it is Merton the authoritarian individualist in the guise of Trappist monk who remains the more arresting figure.

In his early 20s Merton was on his way to becoming a standard model academic—rationalist, worldly, complacent—when an unforeseen combination of circumstances converted him to Catholicism. A few years later, after a period of painful uncertainty about the exact nature of his religious vocation, he entered the Abbey of Gethsemani in Kentucky as a member of the Cistercian Order of the Strict Observance. Except for the journey to Asia in 1968 which ended in Bangkok with his accidental death at 53, Merton spent almost his entire adult life in the silence of Gethsemani, subject to the austere discipline of his order.

Though Merton had renounced the world and was known to his community as Father Louis (having become a priest as well as a monk), he discovered with the encouragement of his superiors that his spiritual progress as a contemplative would depend in good part on his continued efforts as a writer. Monastic discipline allowed him no more than two hours a day for writing, yet the volume of his output is impressive: sixty books and a sizable number of uncollected articles and reviews. Writing nevertheless remained an aid to the contemplative life rather than the purpose of contemplation. For "if Merton was a man of letters," Woodcock argues, "he was not in the broader sense a literary man. He did not really read for the joy of reading or for the sake of literature as an art, and so the writers and the subjects he discusses tend to be limited by his philosophic interests and by the luck of his desultory reading rather than by a deep interest in the literary culture for its own sake."

Obedience to ecclesiastical authority was the cornerstone of Merton's philosophy and the first principle of the contemplative life as he understood and practiced it. Disciplined self-abnegation, he believed, would lead to self-transcendence, which is the goal of contemplation. He sought that goal not only as an end in itself but also in the belief that those few who attain to a spiritual awakening can, by the influence of their example, effect changes in this dislocated world that ordinary political methods are powerless to bring about. Merton aspired to this mystical elite, certain that he had been called.

Though eager submission to authority seems to have come naturally to Merton—he was briefly a member of the Communist Party before his conversion—the authoritarian side of his character had to accommodate a sturdy and persistent individualism. Obedience to authority released the energy he needed to pursue the contemplative life, while spontaneous independence of mind enabled him to overcome the narrowness of the zealous young convert and to enlarge the scope of his sympathies. Over the years he became a perceptive student of contemplative traditions other than his own—when total immersion in Catholic lore would have been the safe, conventional course to follow—and toward the end of his life he reached beyond the ecumenical fellowship of all Christians to seek the means to a reconciliation of East and West.

"If the West continues to underestimate and to neglect the spiritual heritage of the East," Merton warned, "it may hasten the tragedy that threatens man and his civilizations." Such sentiments were unpopular among Catholics of his day, even after the liberalization of Vatican II. Conservatives dismissed Asian religions as so much pantheism, and progressives viewed them as mere vehicles of escape. Merton nevertheless persisted, having been drawn to Asian thought from an early age, and as a result five of his sixty books are devoted to Asia. In the preface to one of them, *The Way of Chuang Tzu*, he declares: "I have enjoyed writing this book more than any other I can remember"—and for the author of sixty books that's saying a lot.

The Way of Chuang Tzu (New Directions, 1965; paper, $1.75) is a delight, and even if Merton had written nothing else he would deserve to be remembered for this one small book about Taoism. Chuang Tzu is one of the most appealing characters to have appeared in the long history of Chinese civilization, and of the ancient sages he remains one of the most influential. Almost nothing is known of his life, though unlike the legendary Lao Tzu of the *Tao Te Ching* he is credited with a historical existence, from about 369 to 286 B.C. Chuang Tzu, believed to have been a minor official, at least for a time, spent most of his life as a recluse, though not as a hermit, for he was fond of conversation with friends and disciples.

An ancient compilation called *The Chuang Tzu* records some of his conversations and includes parables and anecdotes by and about the Master. These fragments have beguiled and bewildered generations of Western translators whose interpretations have been anything but uniform. Instead of putting himself to the trouble of learning classical Chinese so that he could add one more debatable translation to the grand total, Merton had the wit to synthesize what seemed to him the more penetrating renditions in the light of his experience as a contemplative. He made the right choice, and his pleasure in this unusual venture is evident on every page.

Chuang Tzu the recluse was masterless, attached to no organized body of belief, much less to any institution. He rejected the past as a source of standards, scorned Confucian reliance on tradition, ridiculed book learning, and remained an irreverent skeptic and rel-

John Taylor is a freelance writer who lives and works in New York.

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ativist. Woodcock even denies that he was a mystic, as a Christian would understand the term, yet Merton found him thoroughly congenial.

Should we find this affinity surprising? Woodcock thinks not, given Chuang Tzu's corrosive remarks about wealth and power, his solitariness, his poetic vision, his easy acceptance of the world without thought of trying to own or control it, and his superficial resemblance to the desert fathers of the early Christian church whom Merton so much admired. Woodcock is undoubtedly right in detecting no anomaly in Merton's response to Chuang Tzu and up to this point his critical study remains critical. But his otherwise astute appraisal of Merton fails to pursue an issue that Merton himself never confronts, namely, the political consequences of Taoism.

Classical Taoism flourished during the chaos of the Warring States several decades before the formation of the first Chinese empire toward the end of the third century B.C. Of the various schools of thought then competing for influence among the post-feudal, pre-imperial Chinese, Taoism was unique in that it had nothing to say about the state or the problem of political organization. Lao Tzu, it is true, had some rudimentary notion of what a primitivist society ought to be and he even sported a reformist tendency or two, but Chuang Tzu concerned himself with politics never.

Taoism nevertheless found favor among the soldier-politicians who succeeded in unifying China under the infamous Ch'in empire. The winners in this free-for-all adhered to the School of Law, and Legalism, which is known to us in the West as "oriental despotism," remains to this day the foundation of the Chinese state. What the Legalists valued in Taoism was an anti-intellectual bias against the past and against the entire scholastic enterprise. The Taoists helped to discredit Confucian reverence for the Way of the Former Kings and in their celebration of ignorant simplicity they made it that much easier for the Legalists to consolidate their tyranny, for a society cut off from its past and kept in ignorance is nearly helpless against tyrants. The Legalists of Ch'in won immortal fame by burning the books, which is nothing Chuang Tzu would have proposed, yet Taoism was to some extent implicated.

Nowhere in *The Way of Chuang Tzu* does Merton acknowledge the disconcerting connection between Taoism and the Chinese state. He may have been unaware of it, or he may have concluded that on balance it was unimportant. Whatever the explanation, his silence on this point is ironic. He was entranced by Chuang Tzu's witty demonstrations of the ultimate usefulness of the useless. What Merton (and Woodcock) failed to notice was the political utility of the seemingly apolitical.

Merton's enthusiasm for Chuang Tzu was well placed. Chuang Tzu's general outlook is indeed refreshing and we all could do with a dash of Taoism in our lives. But it is not at all clear how Chuang Tzu's doctrines might serve to reconcile East and West, and given that he was expressly anti-salvationist anyway, we might better entrust so earthbound an endeavor to the unsentimental Chinese restaurants of upper Broadway. □

How I Got Over

LISA GUBERNICK

VISIONS OF GLORY: A History and a Memory of Jehovah's Witnesses. *By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison. Simon & Schuster. 413 pp. $12.95.*

The subtitle of *Visions of Glory* is "A History and a Memory of Jehovah's Witnesses." The thorough history—both scholarly and theologically impressive—has a personal edge: Harrison spent twelve years (ages 9 to 21) as a Witness. Her memories do not make her history suspect; instead, the autobiographical fragments give the book balance and weight. Through them she can convey what this peculiar theology *feels* like, and we sense everywhere the fallout from a youth derailed by proselytizing, spiritual arrogance and an astonishing ignorance of "the world." (The Witnesses only concern themselves with the "New World" which will replace this one after a bloody Armageddon.) Indeed, the tremendous success of the Witnesses—there are at present more than two million followers—would be scarcely credible without Harrison's personal testimony, for the origins of the sect and its makeshift theology seem on the face of things banal and uninviting.

Jehovah's Witnesses were founded in 1873 by Charles Taze Russell, an erstwhile shirt manufacturer who wrote and published, at his own expense, booklet prophesying the coming Judgment Day and the New World. H dated Armageddon for 1914. When th date came and went, Russell's follower excused it as a miscalculation an changed the date to 1945. More rev sions followed—impressive in itsel since apocalyptic sects usually withe after two or three such misses. But th sect flourishes and neither history no theology will account for its stayin power—for its appeal to women al though its doctrine is explicitly anti feminist, to blacks although it is racist to the marginal although in both styl and substance it is cloyingly middl American. Yet these are the group which fill the ranks of Witnesses, anc only the personal notes Harrison ha woven into her history can explain why so many of them stay there.

Harrison, along with her mother, wa baptized a Witness at 9. Coincidentally with her conversion she had her firs period. Her religious awakening anc her coming of age dovetailed nicely ir sexual guilt. For the Witnesses the menarche represents not emergent womanhood but proof that the young woman has inherited "the curse placed upon the seductress Eve." Sexual guilt cut a wide swath through both Harrison's adolescence and her mother's marriage. Women in the Witnesses atone for the sins of their nature by being submissive wives and zealous proselytizers. They are rewarded by what the author calls the "lure of certainty": they are certain of their social role, certain they can control their sexuality and certain they will live in the New Eden.

The promise of the New Eden, foolish as it may sound to the outsider, offers a sense of importance to the Witnesses which compensates for much in their daily lives. It accounts also for the special arrogance of Witnesses who "know" they will survive Armageddon, and it explains their cruel dispassion toward suffering in this world as they wait for the rest of us to be swept away in a howling blood bath. Harrison is particularly good at describing the ways in which one's sense of specialness alternates with a less comforting sense of isolation from the world. The tension between the two is best resolved in martyrdom, and Witnesses understandably look back on the days of their early persecutions with nostalgia—dramatic moments in lives devoted to a colorless creed.

The various refusals still practiced by members of the sect—refusal to serve in the armed forces, refusal to

Lisa Gubernick is an assistant editor of The Runner.

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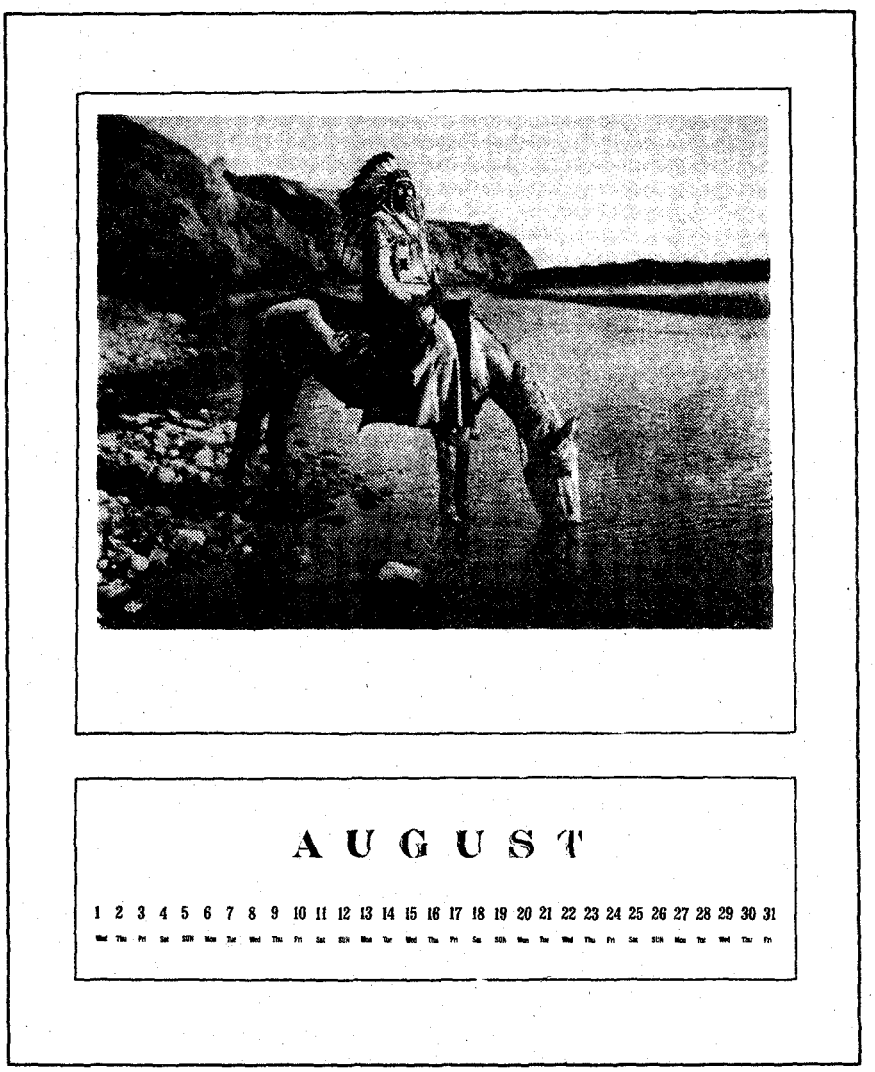

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take blood transfusions, refusal to salute the flag, continue to provide a trickle of much needed drama, but the Witnesses long ago went to court and won the civil liberties which keep serious persecution at bay. For that we should be grateful to them, and Harrison does justice to their achievements in the courts and to the astonishing heroism of the Witnesses who went to Hitler's camps rather than serve in his army.

As martyrdom and persecution fade, the faithful are left with their belief in the perfect fellowship of Witnesses as the sustaining force in everyday life. A community in which men and women care for one another is thought by the Witnesses not to exist outside their fellowship, and indeed observers of their annual gatherings are struck by the warmth and good will among the members. The pull of this overly idealized community, much tainted in reality, is what keeps many a doubting Witness from rejoining the "fallen world." The arrogance and near pathological naivete about the world which are evident here are, and this is the virtue of this book, set off nicely by a very moving autobiographical episode where the author belatedly discovers the spontaneous goodness of the fallen world; she is a high school student in the patriotic 1950s and her English teacher chooses to sit and hold her hand in assembly while the rest of the student body rises to pledge allegiance to the flag—a small gesture which speaks volumes, and one which plants seeds of doubt. Nevertheless, it was seven more years before the author left the sect. During her last three years she lived in its Brooklyn Heights headquarters and worked on *Watchtower* and *Awake*.

Harrison's rescue of herself from the Witnesses is an intricate and heroic story; her inability to rescue her childhood is a tragic one. In one of the book's best passages she describes the precious fragments she has salvaged from her pre-conversion days. They are all she has left of youth's spontaneous discovery of the world:

> I rehearse, I jealously preserve pre-conversion memories; they flash before my mind like magical slides. I treasure a series of intense, isolated moments. I hoard happy images that are pure, unsullied by the value assigned them by others. Afterward, there was nothing in the world which I was permitted to give my own meaning.

These fragments are not enough to unwrap the mystery of her conversion. There is much evidence, some Freudian, some sociological, some spiritual, all plausible, but somehow it never adds up to a complete account of the child she was and the fanatic she became. There is something compelling and authentic about this open-ended explanation. Joyce's Bloom, thinking about his own youth, perhaps said it best: "Mé. And me now." □

A Job With No Future

SUSAN JACOBY

SEVEN DAYS A WEEK: Women and Domestic Service in Industrializing America. *By David M. Katzman. Oxford University Press. 374 pp. $14.95.*

Since the end of slavery, middle-class Americans have always had a servant problem. The poor could never afford to hire anyone else to do their housework, and the rich could always pay enough to keep the service (and servility) of family retainers. But the middle-class household employer (female) has had a rough time finding help (female) because of the cussed reluctance of Americans to clean other people's homes for a living. Middle-class families just can't pay enough to overcome this reluctance. This was true in the mid-19th century, when housewives wanted live-in servants to help out with the endless chores of the pre-electrical age, and it remains true today, when many mothers who want to take paying jobs are frustrated by their inability to find part-time, live-out housekeepers.

Seven Days A Week is a particularly fascinating analysis of the low status of domestic service because it combines a feminist perspective with an understanding of the roles that race, class and economics play in domestic labor. David Katzman possesses a rare quality in professional historians of either sex: the ability not only to identify a "woman's issue" within a larger historical question but, on appropriate occasions, to view such an issue as the question itself.

From any vantage point, domestic labor is primarily a woman's problem. An overwhelming majority of domestic servants were (and are) women, and most of them worked under the direct supervision of women. And, as Katzman observes, American society has always assigned a low status to domesti labor—whether performed by paid ser vants or unpaid housewives.

Complaints about the ingratitude anc unreliability and unavailability of ser vants are not, as some middle-clas Americans assume, a relatively recen phenomenon set in motion by a welfare system that makes it more profitable tc live off the government than to scrut someone else's floors. In 1866, the annual report of the New York Association For Improving the Conditions of the Poor noted that the "untrustworthiness and incompetence" of Irish and German immigrant maids "have long been matters of public agitation and private complaint." *Scribner's Monthly*, in 1872, groaned, "How unspeakably atrocious [is] the Hibernian maid-of-all-work; how unutterably preferable would be an American maid-of-all-work, but she will not come."

A Maine employer summed up the situation in 1919; "In a country whose battle cry is equality, there is no such thing as a good servant class." Tsk, tsk. And, one might add, no such thing as a *permanent* servant class—with the exception of the black women trapped in the South between the end of Reconstruction and the beginning of the massive black migration to the North in the 1920s.

In all immigrant groups, the percentage of women in domestic service dropped dramatically between the first and second generations. (This fact is demonstrated in a number of statistical tables, drawn mainly from census data, that are difficult to understand because they are so poorly organized. Both the text and the statistics in this book would have benefited greatly from the attention of an editor with a knack for lucid organization.)

The census figures between 1890 and 1920 demonstrated a trend which has now become fixed social reality. Black women, for obvious reasons, remained in domestic service far longer than their white counterparts, but an easing of job discrimination quickly put an end to their willingness to push someone else's vacuum cleaner. Paid domestic work is still the province of new immigrants who do not have the linguistic skills or familiarity with American society to find other jobs. Talk to any domestic employment agency in New York City, and you will learn that most of their young employees are recent immigrants from the Caribbean or Central America. These women have no more intention of remaining maids than their predecessors did in the 19th century. The only place in the United States where it is

Susan Jacoby's collection of essays on women, The Possible She, *will be published in the spring by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

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asy to hire a maid today is in the Southwest, where the continuous flow of llegal immigrants across the Mexican order assures a supply of cheap captive abor. (Two years ago, I met a woman in El Paso who complained that the tend-ncy of illegals to move north had oushed up the going rate for maids from 3 to $5 a day.)

Low wages, however, are not the only explanation for the reluctance of Amerians to do domestic work. As Katzman points out, many immigrant girls in the ate 19th century preferred lower-paying garment factory jobs to domestic service in private homes. In New York today, many typists make less money than maids or housekeepers, but it is easy to hire a typist and very difficult to hire a housekeeper.

The American contempt for domestic labor is bound up with a general contempt for "woman's work." Garment factory jobs in the 19th century and low-level clerical jobs in this century are also "woman's work," but domestic service epitomizes all of the undesirable qualities inherent in that definition. In the 19th century, many girls became servants not only because they had no other job choices but because domestic service was the only "respectable" occupation for an unskilled woman who needed money. It was thought that the protection of a private household and the personal (if frequently oppressive) relationship between mistress and servant was uniquely suited to "feminine nature."

Feminine nature, of course, was defined differently for the lower classes than for the middle and upper classes. Katzman cites a particularly revealing incident from a memoir by Maud Nathan about her childhood in New York in the 1860s.

"Her father objected to her mother's walking alone at night, and he offered to leave his whist game to escort his wife. She refused the offer, but reassured him by saying that 'she would take one of the maids with her, and let her call for her again.' Maud Nathan asked her mother why she needed an escort, and 'she explained that some rude man might insult her if she walked at night.' The daughter, however, could not quite understand how the problem had been solved satisfactorily. 'The maid who escorted my mother was young and pretty. Why was there no danger of *her* being insulted?' "

The distinction between the "feminine nature" of servants and mistresses began to disappear as domestic work shifted from a live-in to a live-out basis during the first decades of this century. Working hours shortened and working conditions improved to some degree as the transition was made. But, as Katzman observes, "as woman's work, as personal work, as service work, as service, women continued to avoid it (domestic labor) if possible."

Today, unionization is usually offered as the only conceivable remedy for the shortage of paid household help—a shortage that is becoming more acute as women enter the work force in increasing numbers. But I suspect the only real solution for the "servant problem" is for men and children to join women in the necessary tasks of maintaining their own homes. With or without unions, women are not going to do other people's dirty work if they have a choice. Why should they? Housework has always been a job with no future. □

Assorted Failures

SHARON MAYBERRY

STANLEY KRAMER: FILM MAKER. *By Donald Spoto. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 367 pp. $12.95.*

MOMMIE DEAREST. *By Christina Crawford. William Morrow and Co. 286 pp. $9.95.*

PICTURES WILL TALK: The Life and Films of Joseph L. Mankiewicz. *By Kenneth L. Geist. Charles Scribner's Sons. 443 pp. $12.95.*

There are film books; and then there are movie books. The former include respectable, if sometimes flaky, volumes of criticism and theory that range from the insights and humor of a James Agee or a Graham Greene to the historic hypotheses of Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Munsterberg, et al, or from the splenetic fragments of a Manny Farber to the dreary explications of the semiology/structuralism crowd.

Movie books, on the other disreputable hand, embrace a host of seedy subgenres: the Tinsel Town expose, the self-serving memoir, the Personality biography—this last often written before the subject has finished living out his or her rich and famous life. Most movie books create the uneasy feeling that Hollywood, now that it is no longer the town where pictures actually get made, survives merely as a

Sharon Mayberry is a freelance writer who lives in Northampton, Mass.

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haven for semi-literates and emotional thieves.

On occasion, the two genres have been successfully combined. The now-classic Hitchcock/Truffaut dialogue offers a chatty yet substantial summing up of the master's *oeuvre*. Readers may quibble with Pauline Kael's distribution of film credit in *The Citizen Kane Book*, but she does present a first-rate analysis of screenwriter Herman Mankiewicz's role, set against a vivid backdrop of the film industry's "golden age."

These loose categories are represented here by (*1*) a pedestrian film book, laced with a bit of movie lore (Spoto on Kramer), (*2*) a quintessential movie book (C. Crawford on J. Crawford), and (*3*) one that, despite a lot of effort from the author, refuses to be a cohesive *anything* (Geist on Mankiewicz).

Stanley Kramer: Film Maker serves a limited purpose, I suppose, in its chronological recapping of the controversial producer's career. Spoto's idea is to give us "a consideration of a man's life in terms of his work, and his work in terms of the vagaries of his own inner life." I can't figure out what that means, but at least the procedure is straightforward enough: thirty-four films (fourteen of which Kramer directed as well), thirty-four chapters—preceded by an introduction and topped off with a filmography.

Kramer is the ultimate maker of "message movies" who initially established a reputation for speed, cheapness and social significance (*Home of the Brave, Champion*). When he began directing his own pictures, his budgets increased—as did his already considerable capacity for self-importance and self-publicity—with such projects as *The Defiant Ones, Judgment at Nuremberg, On the Beach* and *Inherit the Wind*. (These later films, though pretentious and oversimplified, were strong stuff to come from Hollywood circa 1960, and reach more than art-house audiences.)

Though he indulges a fondness for curious nouns ("contemporaneity," "complementarity," "interiority"), Spoto gives a clear and competent precis of plot after plot after plot, along with some lukewarm critical reactions. He does provide a number of interesting production details and observations from Kramer's co-workers, and the text is liberally illustrated with good film clips and on-location stills.

But Stanley Kramer—with or without vagaries—never comes through, either personally or professionally. Spoto seems to have little interest in the aesthetic and social questions his material raises. He ignores, for example, the potentially fascinating issue of producer-vs.-director in the case of one who has served as both. And though, by necessity, he deals with Kramer's stance as self-styled moralist, he glosses over the film maker's position during the McCarthy era, merely mentioning in passing that Kramer "repudiated" his long-time colleague, writer Carl Foreman.

To me, the most intriguing aspect of Spoto's work is that a half-way serious look at Kramer's films should get published at all. A decade ago, no self-respecting critic would have touched him with a 10-foot viewfinder. Kramer's reputation seems to have come full circle from firebrand to heavy-handed hack to Grand Old Man, who deserves credit for, if nothing else, sincerity.

Mommie Dearest is a prime example of the movie book subgenre, the memoir by a son, daughter, ex-mistress, ex-roommate, you-name-it, that promises to tell the story behind the story of the *Photoplay* facade. And to this end, above the gaudy cursive script of Crawford's dust-jacket title, in tiny Roman letters—as though we might doubt it—are the words "a true story."

Truth may be relative, but I would never count on a relative to tell the truth. Joan Crawford's adopted daughter Christina is no exception. Part of the problem is that Christina Crawford hasn't much of a gift for writing (nor for irony: that title doesn't work except as High Camp). Lacking judicious self-reflection, she tells a lot but reveals very little about herself except for the inadvertent glimpses we get that she might not be someone who should enlist our trust or sympathy. Recalling the years when it was impossible to get good help because of her mother's loony behavior, she refers to the train of servants as "incompetents."

The harrowing childhood incidents are convincingly done, especially the "night raids" when Mommie Dearest (as Joan insisted she be called by her children) would vent her rage in neurotic fits of cleanliness and violence. In this portrait, Joan Crawford seems not so much a Jekyll/Hyde or even house devil/street angel but rather a near-clinically anal type whose schizoid nature was aggravated by huge quantities of alcohol. The same woman who would drag her daughter out of bed at midnight and batter her with a can of Bon Ami for failing t clean the bathroom to satisfactio would then turn around and tak Christina out for an elaborate dinne at the Brown Derby.

Christina makes a strong case backed up with letters to "prove" i that Joan Crawford was indeed th dragon lady she so often portrayed i films. Still, since Christina allowe herself to be controlled well int adulthood, we are left in the dar about the strange dynamic betwee mother and daughter.

Daughter Crawford has trapped her self in a fool-knave dilemma. *Mommi Dearest* may be the product of pai and confusion following her mother' death in 1977, when she learned tha she and her brother were cut out o Joan's will, "for reasons which are wel known to them," as Mommie Deares put it. Or else, simple greed anc revenge produced this tome. In eithe case (or both), the result isn't trash exactly, but ineffably depressing in its many limitations.

In *Pictures Will Talk*, Kenneth Geist ambitiously sets out to look at the life of film maker Joseph Mankiewicz and to show how "the conflicts and obsessions of his off-screen life are also embodied in his films." Alas, the biographer-critic is defeated by both his subject and his material. Geist is not the first person to write about a man prone to spinning apocrypha, but he may be the first to write an epilogue that (*a*) virtually discredits his own corroborating sources, and (*b*) makes a case that his subject is a pathological liar. My heart goes out to Geist (though not to the tune of $12.95) for he is dealing with one slippery character.

Over the years Mankiewicz has built a legend around himself as being *the* Hollywood intellectual, caught in a love-hate bond with the most impure of arts. At the precocious age of 20, he entered the film industry (through the good offices of older brother Herman) and proceeded to make movies for the same reason Willy Sutton robbed banks. Vowing someday to return to his beloved Broadway, Mankiewicz learned the ropes of screen writing, producing and, eventually, directing. He developed into one of the most respected film makers of the late '40s and early '50s, specializing in elegant, literate (some would say talky) pictures—*A Letter to Three Wives, All About Eve, People Will Talk* and *Five Fingers* among them. Today, fond of calling himself "the oldest whore on the beat" while basking in his Shavian

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nematic status, Mankiewicz wants it ght ways from Sunday and gets it om a lot of quarters.

Trying to avoid the usual pitfalls of neapjack Hollywood bios, Geist takes Collyer Brothers approach to Mankiewicz's life and work. He seems ncapable of throwing anything away. he 400-plus pages are crammed with otnotes, digressions, meaningless sides, and peopled with a cast of housands.

Among the other litter: stale Goldynisms ("the picture has warmth and harmth"); miscredited Parkerisms her famous punchline "oh, skit" is iven to an M-G-M rewrite man); yet not nough Mankiewitticisms (among the est: "C.B. DeMille had his finger up he pulse of America."). The effect is xhausting—even the gossip is documented.

The persistent reader will at least get an idea of the enormous scope of Mankiewicz's career (the filmography s particularly good) and can perhaps emerge with, if not a picture, a paste-up of Mankiewicz the personality: a great wit on paper with no sense of humor about himself and cursed with frequent spells of inarticulateness; a model of suavity with a penchant for scatology; an amateur psychiatrist with a special interest in the female psyche) unable to cure himself of his many neuroses, including what he dubs his "Herman Complex;" a little guy whose remarkable blue eyes can convey cruelty to his colleagues or mesmerize almost every female star who works with him. If this reads like a lead-in to "Who *was* that masked man?"—it should. *Pictures Will Talk* chronicles a battle for control between Geist and his subject, where the author was no match. The identity behind the many masks of Joseph Mankiewicz is anyone's guess. While Spoto seems to have suffered a failure of interest, and Crawford a failure of judgment, Geist, with the most to tell, suffered a failure of nerve. □

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Need has no Season

THE SALVATION ARMY

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

It struck me, watching *Movie, Movie*, that a parody is rewarding roughly in proportion to the pleasure originally conveyed by the model. This film, as everyone must know by now, is a double feature such as you might have seen at any neighborhood house some forty-five years ago. The first movie, "Dynamite Hands," is a sentimental prize-fight melodrama; the second, "Baxter's Beauties of 1933," is a sentimental backstage musical romance. Both are only slight exaggerations of the type, the humor deriving, in part from naivete revisited, but more from a persistent resort to infelicities of dialogue that wear none too well. For examples: the dynamite-fisted hero, cursing the avarice of medical specialists and his inability to buy his dear sister an urgently recommended operation, cries out "They ask an arm and a leg for an eye." Or the M.C., introducing a nightclub torch singer—"and now, Troubles Moran, appearing here in her eighth month!" Ha ha, but a little of this goes a long way, even in parody.

However, if forced to choose, I take "Baxter's Beauties." I could never sit through one of those yarns about the decent young fellow with the handy fists, who gives up a promising career to enter the seamy world of boxing and pay the bills of a family catastrophe. As you would expect, he escapes vice by the narrowest of margins, wins the big fight and falls into the loving arms of the bespectacled junior librarian. Even as a joke it made me fidget. The story of "Spats" Baxter racing the grim reaper to produce one last Broadway hit and assure the financial comfort of the daughter he has not seen since she was in the cradle (but whom the rest of us can see right out there at center stage) is deliberately pretty bad, but there are some tolerable songs and some more than tolerable hoofing. Besides, it always seemed to me in those days that show business people were a good deal more persuasive when impersonating show business people than when playing invincible pugilists of the highest moral character or the colorful but sinister habitues of Seventh Avenue gymnasiums.

The casts (to a large extent overlapping) of these two offerings appear to be happy in their work, and that is always ingratiating. The alleged date of the double feature (just six years after Al Jolson spoke to his mother in *The Jazz Singer* and the age of the talkies burst upon us) calls for the exuberant gesticulation that carried over from the silent screen. In other words, a good deal of ham, and the best-known actors in *Movie, Movie*—George C. Scott, Red Buttons, Art Carney and Eli Wallach—let themselves go with whoops and tears in performances that recall, faintly, Laurence Olivier's busman's holiday in *The Entertainer*.

Stanley Donen directed *Movie, Movie*; Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller wrote the screenplays. I'm sure they also laughed themselves silly as they roasted the chestnuts. I chuckled some, I confess, but it was a long two hours. Parody needs a substantial target—as, for example, Franklin Roosevelt was a sitting duck, but no one could draw a bead on Eisenhower.

If a militant feminist were to inveigh against Bertrand Blier's *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* on sexist grounds, it might be hard to dissuade her. For though the men in this affair are manifest clowns, it is undeniable that they regard the woman who confronts them as a mechanism which mysteriously fails to respond when they press the indicated buttons and shift the traditional gears. And indeed one distaff reviewer has already noted that, if this woman is endowed with mystery, so is a seashell or a goldfish.

But I hope the film will not be a cause for that sort of wrangling, for it would diminish the fun of an excellent excursion into persiflage. *Handkerchiefs* has the rough Balzacian smack of erotic buffoonery, and, as so often in *Droll Tales*, the lady appears to have the last laugh.

The situation is as follows: Raoul (Gerard Depardieu), a young driving school instructor, is perplexed and distracted by the impassivity of his wife, Solange (Carol Laure). One day in a restaurant, as she sullenly forks up her sauerkraut, he impetuously drags a chap over from a neighboring table and makes him a present of Solange, hoping that will spruce her up. This Stephane (Patrick Dewaere) is reluctant, indeed suspicious, but also intrigued and somewhat flattered by the implied tribute to his masculinity. He accepts the gift.

To no avail. Raoul could not make Solange smile, or indeed speak, save in monosyllabic replies to direct questions, and neither can Stephane. She keeps an immaculate house, she knits (all the men in her life, and there are soon to be others, wear splendid sweaters of identical wool) and she permits embraces. But she remains absent. She also becomes subject to convulsions,

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awkwardly enough in public places, and the doctors, as baffled as her attendant males, can suggest only that pregnancy might effect a cure. But Solange does not conceive, and the attendants suffer a loss of self-esteem.

We move to a summer camp (Stephane is a schoolteacher) where the stalemated trio are in charge of a company of strident working-class boys, among whom one bourgeois child prodigy of 13 (Riton) is necessarily the butt of his contemporaries' distaste for oddity. They pelt him with their cream desserts and one night seize him so savagely that Solange, rushing to the rescue, takes him off to the safety of her bed. Students of the Rabelaisian strain in French comedy will be more pleased than surprised by the film's course from there to the end. When we last see Solange, she is still knitting, but in an altogether more wholesome state of mind.

The cast attacks this tomfoolery with a straightfaced earnestness that is hilariously gratifying, and Blier knows the genre. At one point, for example, he stages a wild chase in which the principals pass, one by one and at intervals, across the end of a street, all in silhouette but each tearing along in a characteristic gait. It is a very old gag, and it survives because, when done right, it always works.

In short, and as the erudite camper observes to some envious friends, sex is fun. By keeping it so, Blier manages to be both outrageous and entirely decent.

There are aborigines aplenty in the slums of Sydney, Australia, but according to the ruling whites there are no *tribal* aborigines—those who abide by the old ways and particularly the old laws—within a thousand miles of the city. Therefore, when a native Australian dies under grossly suspicious circumstances outside a Sydney bar, certain of his associates must stand trial under white law.

That is the frame of *The Last Wave*, written and directed by Peter Weir, but its subject is the occult. David Burton (Richard Chamberlain) is assigned to the case by legal aid and soon discovers, first, that his clients won't cooperate with him and, second, that at least one of them, an old fellow named Charlie (Nanjiwarra Amagula) is a medicine man of impressive powers. The film demonstrates these powers, which include metamorphosis, telepathy and the ability to appear and disappear at will, in all apparent seriousness. These are indeed tribal aborigines—remnants of the native people who, generations back, lived on the land now covered by Sydney. They hold, act upon, and are sustained by the ancient beliefs, one of which is that life proceeds according to two kinds of time—the regular sort to be read on clocks and "dream time" in which past, present and future coexist in a mystic flux.

Difficult clients, as you can see, and to make matters worse, Burton while in their company discovers himself to be from some "other sphere"; he dreams the future and it comes true (because he dreams it?). Under Charlie's hypnosis he admits that he is not human.

So, gradually, the film becomes more and more involved in events that would seem to call for an exorcist. The Sydney area is beset by atrocious weather—notably a hailstorm of unprecedented ferocity (chunks of ice as large as cricket balls) and precipitations of both mud and frogs. And the Burton residence—a suburban home suitable for a successful young tax lawyer—is subjected to violence that could be caused only by a fiend in the attic. No one's head swivels 360 degrees, but I was expecting it.

I don't much cotton to spook pictures. Aside from the inability to suspend disbelief, I'm bored by the apparent rule that, when it's a question of poltergeists, the victims, for the purpose of dramatic contrast, must be entirely conventional and uninteresting. Until he begins traipsing through sewers looking for a magically guarded lost civilization, Mr. Burton is as average a young corporation lawyer as ever cradled a phone against his cheek while soothing a client in a high tax bracket. His wife (Olivia Hamnett) is a young matron of the willowy, rather too poised sort I associate with ads for expensive skirts and cardigans. Their two kiddies are for the most part seen running up and down stairs in their nightgowns, prattling away in happy ignorance of the terror about to engulf them. When the doors begin to crash open and the windows to blow in, the adults clutch each other and cry "What's happening to us?" in accents of rising hysteria. What's happening is that they're caught up in another of those popcorn creepers for susceptible adolescents.

The picture is redeemed, insofar as it is, by the presence of the aborigines, a body of dignified, handsome, enigmatic men who look as though they would repay closer acquaintance. In particular, Gulpilil, playing the only native Australian who will communicate with the whites, is mercurial and touching. A film that discussed his race's strategy for survival would be worth seeing—but only if ancient magic was understood as a cultural support, and not presented as a rain of palpable frog

I was laid up when they ran previev of *The Deer Hunter*, and by the time was getting around again all the sea for the nine-performance mini-run ha been sold. I'm sorry, but not very. Th business of staging a pseudo-release i December in order to qualify a pictur for that year's Oscars is excessivel self-serving even for the art of th cinema. *The Deer Hunter* will be o view again in a month or so, and the we can all see what the noise wa about.

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

I always see more plays than choose to review. The reason fo this is either that I cannot imag ine some of them to be of interes to intelligent readers or that they are s inferior that it would be a waste o energy to attack them. Why employ a massive weapon to annihilate a louse Only plays of merit call for severity.

This does not apply to the reviewer o a daily. He is obliged to report on what ever goods are offered for sale. And a this entails commercial considerations he is tempted if not obliged to evince as much forbearance as possible. The talentless are already accursed.

Still there is the chance that a poor play may contain some good moments—of writing, acting, staging or scenic effect. Thus in the case of a musical last week, I admired the lighting and the skill with which the choreographer dealt with the many couples who covered the extensive stage space even though there was nothing special about the individual dance design. Or to take another instance, a lovely bit of characterization by Lois Smith in a Beckett-like tidbit afforded me pleasure.

I also find it nugatory to dwell on a trifle about the warmed-over and inoperative romance of two elderly people in a recent comedy. The jokes were even more tired than the personages. The well-liked stars go through the paces which have grown routine. Certain spectators (including reviewers) through courtesy, sentimentality or mental indolence profess to have enjoyed the entertainment, but then in a desert even the hint of a stream may provide a draught.

Only Shaw's *Man and Superman* remains fresh (Circle-in-the-Square). There is nothing more foolish than regarding it as old-fashioned or "dated."

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t was written between 1901 and 1903.) matters little whether some of the eas are now familiar (as much may be id of most masterpieces); the point is at we hear them expressed in a anner which delights and exhila-ates, even if we are inclined to dispute me of them.

Shaw, everyone knows, was Ibsen's erald in the English theater. But his lays (except possibly the first) were ot in the least "Ibsenite." In his pref-ce to *Heartbreak House*, he spoke with tmost enthusiasm of Chekhov, but that lay is certainly not Chekhovian. (An rtist, Malraux once said, tells us what e would like to do, but does what he an.) As I watched the performance of *lan and Superman* the other evening, struck me that if I were to name a rebear of the Shavian manner, I ould chose Moliere.

Moliere too had his didactic side. He as often unequivocally "preachy" in *he Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe* and oblique-y so in *The School for Wives*, *The Imag-nary Invalid*, *The Blue Stockings* (*Les emmes Savantes*), *Le Bourgeois Gentil-omme* and even in his farces: *Scapin* et l. It is the "preachment" which nowa-lays "turns off" the younger French. But what engages most of us is the cenic ebullience, the theater-wise gai-ty, the unexpected turns, the swirl of wit, the frolic and the fun.

So too with Shaw. His dialogue—even in its prolixity—has a springiness, an athleticism which sweeps us along in its exuberance. The man is right, we feel, because he is healthy. This fan of the boxing ring always catches us un-awares by a sudden swipe, a feint, and the blow lands to our amazed gratifica-tion. Our intellectual cavils hardly mat-ter; Shaw disarms us by provoking us to laughter even when we are deter-mined to resist him. Shaw, known and for the most part praised or deprecated as a sort of philosopher, was above all a supreme showman.

His plays are not realism. They are harlequinades, juggling acts in which the props are thoughts and specula-tions. He wanted actors who could de-liver his dialogue like arias; his writing combines music and dance. He made intelligence festive. Let others discuss the validity or platitude of his mes-sage—the life force, etc. For my part, I find most of his insights still stimulat-ing and appropriate to the moment and those who, with bargain-basement so-phistication, loftily dismiss him as dreary, I hold to be obtuse. Shaw was very much in earnest, but his art is that of the jester, infectious, brave, life embracing and life-enhancing.

Stephen Porter has directed the pro-duction with a nice sense of the play's possibilities. One might wish for more personal quality, flash, bravura or charm in the acting but on the whole the cast brings precise intention to every scene. George Grizzard as the playful revolutionary and reluctant suitor John Tanner, a role that will ever remain a challenge to the most accomplished and dazzling player, re-quires attributes rarely to be found in any one person. Ann Sachs, Mark Lamos, Laurie Kennedy are among the others who do particularly well.

I should also add that for the first time the production made me accept the inclusion of the *Don Juan in Hell* ("dream") sequence, which I had pre-viously considered an intrusion on the flow of what is essentially, for all its ideational material, a most superior "light comedy." □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"William Carlos Williams and the American Scene 1920-1940" is an anthology of painting, sculpture and documents arranged by Dickran Tashjian. It is a vivid show, loosely indicating Williams's numerous connections with visual art. On Ma-tisse's "The Blue Nude," present in the exhibition, for example, Williams wrote an essay which began: "On the French grass, in that room on Fifth Avenue, lay that woman who had never seen my own poor land." The show rests on the idea that visual and verbal arts have matching points, an assumption that one welcomes.

However, the web of connections woven between the poet and art has its inconsistencies. Of the works shown, some are by artists who were friends and others who were merely contempo-raneous. Gorky's "The Artist and His Mother," 1926-29, is in the show, as commanding as ever, but why is it here? Only because Tashjian sees a link between it and "Williams's attachment to his family, especially to his mother and grandmother on his father's side." It would have been more fruitful to work on a comparison of Williams's pic-torialism and the Ready-made (he knew Marcel Duchamp and his collector Wal-ter Arensberg), and then to make a cross-media inspection of objects in their concreteness, such as Duchamp's shovel and Williams's wheelbarrow.

If the detailed catalogue upstages the exhibition it is probably because many facts of interaction and contact given by Tashjian cannot be demonstrated on the wall. One aspect of his argument, however, translates successfully into visual terms, and that is an expansive vision of Americana. Of the 100 works in the show, half are drawn from the Whitney's own collection, but despite their familiarity they do not blunt the sense of American panorama. Espe-cially cogent are the scenes of modern and vernacular architecture by Wil-liams's friends, Charles Demuth and Charles Sheeler. The informative though not methodologically strict cat-alogue, published by the Whitney Mu-seum and the University of California Press costs $10 (16 color, 128 black-and-white illustrations. 168 pp.). In it, Tash-jian coins, so far as I know, the apt term "proletarian Surrealism" for the blend of social commentary and fantasy that marks the work of artists like Peter Blume and Philip Evergood.

Another exhibition at the Whitney Museum has that much overused word, "new," in the title: "New Image Paint-ing." What the ten artists in it have in common is an oblique or schematic use of imagery. Richard Marshall who ar-ranged the show, consolidating a scat-tered tendency, writes that "these image makers exhibit a closer affinity to Abstract Expressionist, Pop, Min-imal and Conceptual concerns than to traditional figurative and realist work." That statement dismisses real-ism as insufficiently modern and gives Marshall's artists, all but one of them born between 1941 and 1948, mainline New York credentials. "The Abstract Expressionists' concern with impulse, emotion, and the subconscious has now been reworked," in Marshall's blithe words, and "applied to the image." He suggests too that the starkness of Min-imal Art is here transferred to paint-ing, an idea that would not be accept-able to the original Minimal artists who were all sculptors. Thin, often cute imagery is in no way the offspring of their austere geometry. Marshall's comparisons seem inflated, given the modest nature of the work he is push-ing.

The only discrimination Marshall makes is to separate the tendency of this work from that of Pop art, the movement with which it has most in common, inasmuch as both are image-using styles. But according to him, Pop Art's imagery is all "public," while this new generation relies "more on per-sonal, private, impassive, and nonspe-

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cific imagery." Nicholas Africano situates tiny figures in evocative postures ("The Dance") or situations ("The Cruel Discussion"—between a man and a woman) in the center of large fields of color decoratively remote from us. Michael Hurson's goggle-eyed figures resemble funny graphics like Osborne's cartoons. Neil Jenney combines a shuddering painterliness with the schemata of child art.

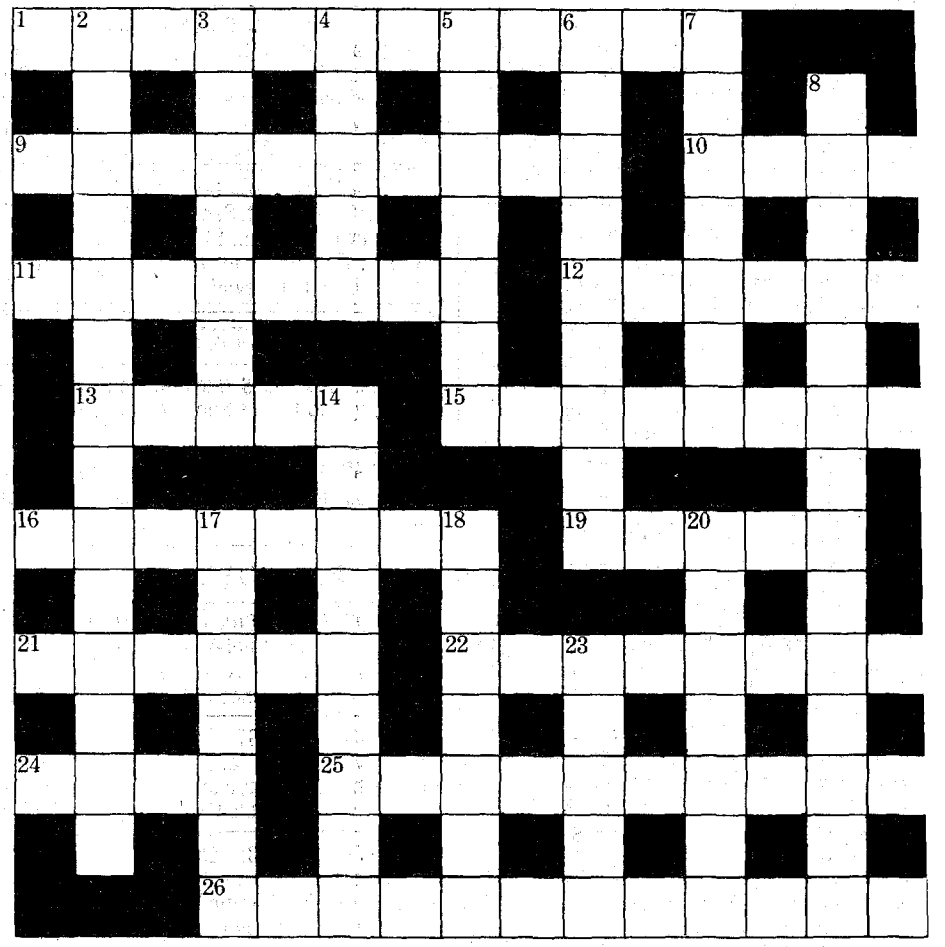
Several of the artists use fields of color containing objects in profile, like abstract paintings with a memory. In Denise Green's fields there are silhouettes of a fan, a vase, a rabbit, and in Lois Lane, soft outlines of whimsical, less specific images. Robert Moskowitz, the one artist in the bunch past his 30s, also isolates simplified objects on bland planes of color. Jennifer Bartlett combines a Bauhaus design-course grid with the progressive transformations of pictographs of simple objects. Susan Rothenburg takes the image of a horse in profile, like Eadweard Muybridge's motion studies, but intercepts it by obvious subdivision of the canvas: it's a horse, it's a painting. David True's hard, streamlined, decorative objects resemble the second generation of Hairy Who artists in Chicago. Joe Zucker, the only garrulous painter in the show, makes pictures like children's book illustrations in a burdensome technique of attaching cotton balls to canvas.

As the quotations in his catalogue make clear, Richard Marshall regards this tendency as a fusion of narrative and representational art, interpreting the formal criteria of modernism so as to exclude realism. I see the tendency (except possibly for Bartlett) as a compromise rather than a synthesis. The frontality of modern art is retained in the form of objects in profile, but either mode assumes flattening. The fugitive aspects of the forms, their vagueness, is more like an attenuation of 19th-century symbolism than all the recent art dragged in by Marshall. The artists (Green, Lane, Moskowitz) spiral around objects in soft allusiveness. The schematic human figure leads in two ways, one in the direction of illustration and gags (Africano, Hurson), the other into neo-primitivism (Jenney). The accommodations of imagery of the world and the status of the picture as painting are simplistic, blocking a dialectic of reference and technique. The art is authentically shallow.

"New Image Painting" can be seen at the Whitney Museum until January 28 and "William Carlos Williams and the American Scene" until February 4. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1756

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Involves a light element and a heavy responsibility. (8,4)
9 Is a golf date so unusual for those controlling flowers? (10)
10 Keep away from things, as the sergeant used to holler! (4)
11 Relics to become more expensive, obviously. (8)
12 Anybody having one at the office shouldn't have such a very loud manner. (6)
13 Worn out with all that expensive green stuff? (5)
15 In a little gal, it yields lawfulness. (8)
16 Mountains from the Rhine to the Rhone gave such a periodic association. (8)
19 A tricky alternative? (5)
21 At least on paper he manages to ride badly. (6)
22 The car is not wrecked by it, but you might make pots of it. (For the Players Club?) (4-4)
24 Given exceptionally good service. (4)
25 Wild Greek songs composed by Brady Smith. (10)
26 Things thrown here may be valuable—but the lower step may be tricky! (7,5)

DOWN

2 Commonly afraid, with prejudice for sickness. (6,8)
3 Badly set in a cross, when settled for the night. (7)
4 This opera singer still had a good carriage at 51. (5)
5 Certainly not artificial color up on the mountain range. (7)
6 Move along thus in attack. (9)
7 Uncomfortably diffident, with the bus half-turned over. (7)
8 Joggers may, if they're not sensible. (3,4,7)
14 Record color, it seems, in disgrace. (9)
17 Evidently didn't perform down stage. (5,2)
18 A place to sleep in the shelter for a woman of ill repute. (7)
20 It may say nice things, but not about the liver. (7)
23 A spell of trouble with seers. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1755

ACROSS: 1 Minor prophet: 10 Sweater: 11 Chapeau: 12 Idiot: 13 Farmed Out: 14 Candy floss: 16 Slur: 18 Inch: 20 Convoluted: 23 Tea leaves: 25 Rondo: 26 Musical: 27 Insteps: 28 Case the joint. DOWN: 2 Iberian: 3 Outstays: 4 Portfolio: 5 Oscar: 6 Heater: 7 Trefoil: 8 and 15 A stitch in time saves nine: 9 Buttered toast: 17 Al fresco: 19 Classic: 21 Tintern: 22 Fences: 24 Valet.

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